THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D°: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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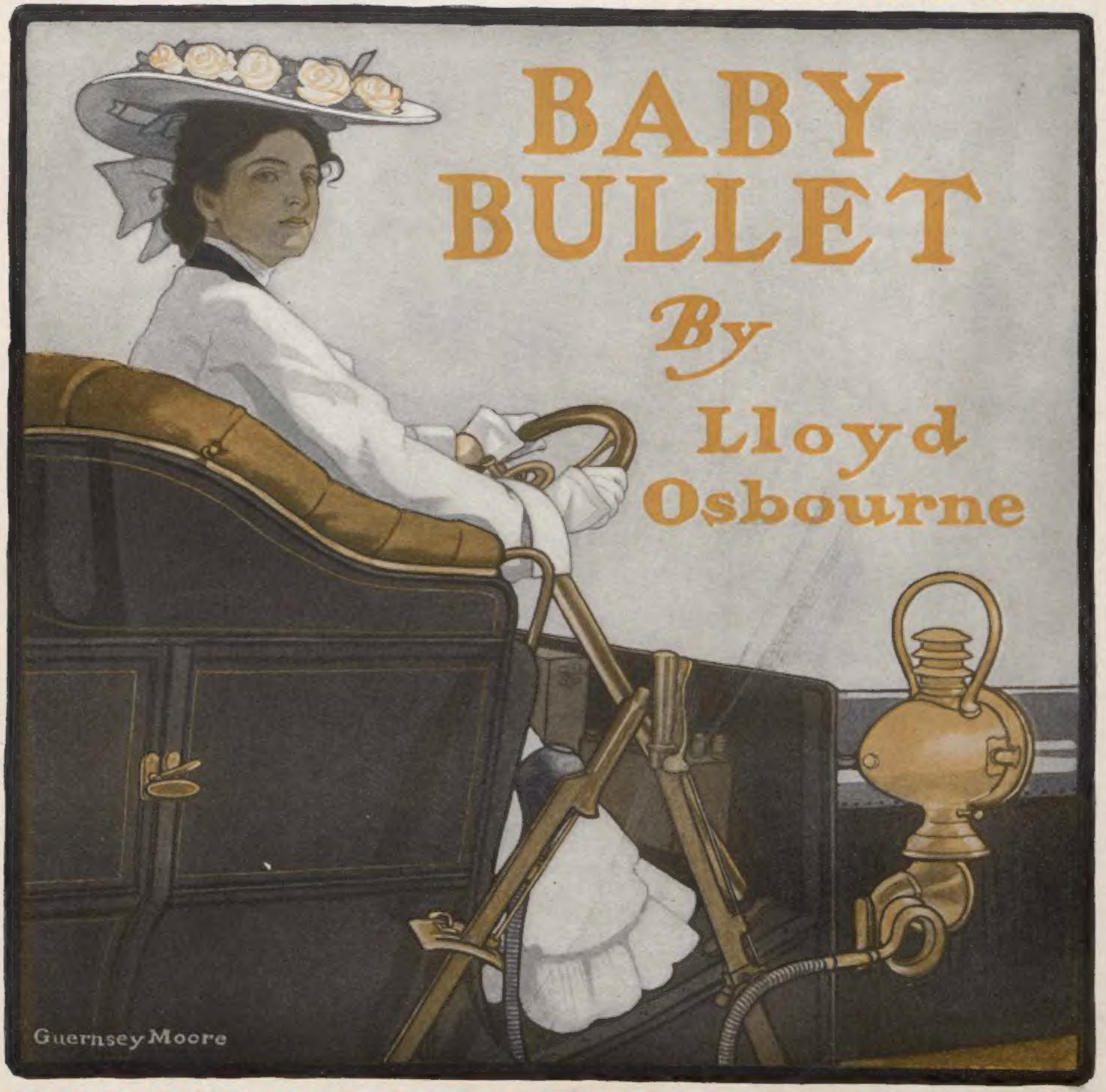

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Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

By

Lloyd Osbourne

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I

THE fierce sun of a British July shone overhead; underneath ran the king's highway, broad, dusty and unending; on either hand were the solid walls, richly crowned with broken glass, that encompass the aristocracy of Britain in the cool and lordly privacy of their parks. Two pilgrims, weary, hot and thirsty, were trudging in the direction of the town of Porchester, where two dress-suit cases and a bath awaited them alluringly at the Royal Elm.

They were both women. The elder, Miss Christine Schell, was about thirty-five, a homely, determined-looking schoolma'am, who was doing ninety days in Europe with the ferocity of one whose best years lay entombed behind her in a little mountain valley of California. Her companion, Miss Essy Lockhart, was about nineteen, a tall, handsome blonde, with the fearless eyes, the confident carriage and the charming boyishness that have been the immemorial birthright of the Western girl.

No people could have been more dissimilar than these two. In age, social position, and general outlook on the universe they were poles apart. Miss Schell's sturdy independence had been gained in a sad and altogether embittering battle with the world. The world, or rather those blind and pitiless forces we call by such a name, had singled out Miss Schell for some of its cruelest buffets; and, foiled by her undaunted front, had at length grudgingly allowed her sixty dollars a month and the control of a mountain schoolhouse. There it forgot her.

This trip to Europe was the fruit of microscopic savings, added to dollar by dollar, and helped out by savings' bank interest compounded semi-annually. It stood for shoes she hadn't worn, handkerchiefs she had never bought, holidays she had never taken. Now, at last, this hoard—which seemed to her like a capitalization of her own youth—had been drawn upon for the realization of that wonderful dream—her trip to Europe.

When she compared herself to Essy Lockhart she was almost angered at the contrast. To begin with, Essy was extraordinarily pretty; then she was the daughter of very well-to-do people in San Francisco, who were only restrained by good taste from calling themselves rich; she was petted and loved and spoiled, and had only to reach out her hand for anything she wanted. In this case she had wanted to go to Europe with Miss Schell, and, though her mother cried and her father looked grave, they gave way, like a well-trained American family, to the caprice of an only daughter.

And so here they were, the two of them, in unassuming gray and sailor hats, calmly walking through the length of England on a tour. They each bore a little bag, slung by a leather strap from the shoulder, in which they carried the barest necessities of civilized existence. Thanks to the Parcels Post, two bulky dress-suit cases were kept dancing ahead of them, and even a precarious connection with a laundry in Lancashire was similarly maintained by the use of maps and time-tables. Miss Schell gave these details a Napoleonic attention, which, on the principle of genius taking infinite pains, was correspondingly rewarded.

"What did you say the next place was?" asked Essy wearily.

"Porchester," returned Miss Schell.

"Oh, Christine, let's hope there's nothing to see there!" Essy went on. She was growing more and more to welcome those friendly oases where there were no "sights."

"Only Bramstone Castle, dear," said Christine reassuringly. "Built 1343, you know; figured in the Wars of the Roses; repaired by Oliver Cromwell; the book has a star against the great main hall, so we simply have to see it. Then there's Oxenford Parish Church, where the Elizabethan poet Tymmons is buried—and some Roman remains that needn't bother us very much—and—oh, yes—there's a famous something—I've forgotten what it is now—that it would be absolutely wicked of us to skip!"

Essy, with a sigh of submission, walked on in silence. She was comforted by the thought of a bath and clean clothes; and besides, the air was pleasant to breathe, the tops of trees showed sweetly from within the aristocratic strongholds—and, after all, it was something to be nineteen and alive.

They had not gone far when a double "toot" warned them of an approaching automobile, and they sprang hastily to one side to let it pass. It flashed by them in a pother of dust, and sped up the long hill in front, exhaling a voluminous odor of hot engine, fried lubricating oil and burned gases. Essy sat down mournfully at the side of the road. Life had suddenly become a dreary blank.

"What's the matter?" demanded Miss Schell, who had no sympathy for weakness.

"It's that," said Essy dejectedly, pointing after the car, which had now diminished to the size of a green bug.

"It's terrible how they've got to own the roads," exclaimed Miss Schell. "Nowadays, it's like walking on a railroad track to go anywhere."

"It just chews me up to remember my little car in San Francisco," said Essy dismally. "I hate them all because they make me so homesick for my own wagon!"

"I forgot you belonged to the other side of the fence," said Miss Schell coldly.

"Belong! I should say I do belong!" cried Essy. "Haven't I my certificate? Didn't I win the ladies' nonstop to San Jose? Don't I love the very smell of them! Don't you have to pick me off the wheels, and stop me talking to every chauffeur we meet? Oh, it's too cruel to think I haven't mine here!"

Miss Schell turned a brilliant stream of Ruskin on this incipient conflagration. She dwelt on the vulgarity of swift locomotion; the harm it did the human soul to engross itself in levers, while Nature flew by on either hand, unregarded. The only way to soak in scenes of beauty and joy—according to Miss Schell—was to *walk* through them—not to whizzle and bang through them on an explosive toy that might go off at any moment like a bombshell.

Essy was hardly convinced; but the spasms excited by the automobile were passing, and it was some relief to give vent to a cozy little monologue about ignition cams and the ticklish job of setting them. Miss Schell let her talk herself out, and then gently switched the conversation into the Sixteenth Century. What Miss Schell didn't know about the Sixteenth Century wasn't worth knowing, and she had a faculty of referring to the main personages as though she had seen them yesterday. She termed it "visualizing history," and knew everybody by their first names.

Essy's perfunctory attention was at length excited, and the dusty miles melted beneath their feet as Miss Schell tightened her grip on that fateful period; but the Sixteenth Century suddenly leaped into the Twentieth, however, when, far before them on the road, her quick eyes caught sight of another car.

"Look!" she cried excitedly to Miss Schell. "Something's the matter with it, for it isn't moving."

"There's always something the matter with them," ejaculated Miss Schell. "Nasty, diseased things, *I* call them! The Queen was in tears," she resumed, again "visualizing," "but her intrepid character——"

"Oh, skip it, Christine!" cried Essy. "Let's run!"

"If there's a man," said Christine, "that is, a man under sixty, you must promise me not to talk to him. I won't stand for these lightning intimacies with strange chauffeurs!"

"Oh, it's like doctors around a sick baby," protested Essy. "There's no sex in automobilism, or conventions, or anything."

"Yes, I've noticed it," returned Miss Schell grimly.

Essy made no reply. She was all eyes now for the stuck car. It was the strangest one she had ever seen: a high-up, substantial, chunky wagon, of the early type that suggested a carriage without horses, with enormous mud-guards, and a silly little bob seat in front with a railing around it. It was of a brilliant red color, as was the young man who seemed to go with it—an immensely tall, sandy young man, who had cranked himself to the last verge of exhaustion. He was fanning himself with a book of directions, and a lick of grease over his left eye gave him a wild and forbidding appearance. He was not only excessively tired, but he seemed excessively angry as well, and he glared at Christine and Essy as though their presence was an intolerable intrusion. He seized a monkey-wrench and dived under the car, while Christine and Essy seated themselves on the grass and listened comfortably to a hoarse and subdued profanity that trickled upward into the ambient air.

To Miss Schell it seemed an indelicacy to assist at the sandy young man's humiliation and despair. She nudged Essy's arm, and indicated that they ought to proceed. But Essy refused to budge. Indeed, she betrayed symptoms of wishing to join the young man beneath the car, and was only withheld by the absence both of room and invitation. He was certainly in a furious temper, and would evidently have turned on an angel from Heaven had one dropped from the clouds expressly to help him. He even hammered in a d——n-you-take-that sort of way, and his protruding leg (all that could be seen of him) was articulate of frenzied indignation.

Finally he uncurled himself and burrowed his way out. He was plastered with dirt, which here and there streams of sweat were turning into mud. He was more savage than ever, and cast a murderous look at his two spectators. Had they uttered a word he would have exploded like a volcano.

"The devil made this car!" he exclaimed.

There was something so threatening and defiant in his mode of address that Essy's question died upon her lips. The first person who spoke to that young man would probably be held accountable for the disaster. He was just longing for a justification to hit somebody.

"The devil!" he repeated, as though hoping against hope he might yet be contradicted.

"I wouldn't mind if it couldn't go at all," he burst out. "I could get used to *that!* But a car that invariably drops you twenty miles from home—a car that makes a fellow the joke of the county—a car that——!" He paused in his tirade, as though he really couldn't do justice to the subject.

"Might I ask how long you've had it?" inquired Christine.

"A fortnight," he replied, taking fire again at the memory. "A terrible, ghastly, livid fortnight! A fortnight of horror and mortification. Upon my word, there hasn't been a single day that I haven't walked twenty miles—and that, if you please, with the tools, lamps and rugs—and once it was forty! The fellow that owns such a beastly thing ought to go into training—he ought to be a professional *walker*—and a rich walker in order to pay the bills—and he ought to have a skin like a rhinoceros besides, to stand off the chaff!"

"You ought to take it straight back to the agent," said Miss Schell decisively. "If it won't work, make him trade it for another!"

"Agent!" roared the young man. "Why, I won the infernal thing at a charity bazar! The ticket stood me in half a guinea, and the vicar's little daughter drew me the winning number out of a silk hat!"

"But there must be a name-plate on it somewhere," said Christine, prompted by Essy.

"There it is," responded the young man, landing a kick on the hub of the nearest wheel. "*Desjardoux et Cie, Paris.* Of course I wrote to them, but they answered it was an obsolete type, and sent me a white and gold catalogue of the new kind!"

"How unfeeling!" murmured Essy, who was trying not to laugh.

"It's cost me twenty pounds already," resumed the unfortunate young man, "not to speak of the original ticket, nor what I'm out for towage; and the doctors say if I do much more cranking I'm sure to drop dead!"

As he spoke he took a pair of pliers and tore off the number that hung suspended in the front of the car. Then he went behind it and detached the number there. This done, he crammed them inside his coat with the crafty air of a burglar putting away diamonds. It was a mysterious performance. Christine couldn't forbear asking him what he was doing it for.

"Because if I don't some tomfool will be sure to tow it home after me," he explained, with a gleam in his pale eyes. "They've played that trick on me before. No, I'm done with the infernal thing for ever and ever. Here I leave it for the next unfortunate, and may God help him!"

A shiver passed through Miss Schell's frame. She had that sudden choking sense that she was uttering words that might have astounding consequences. It was like the "yes" to a proposal—far-reaching, epoch-making, a landmark in one's life.

"Do you mean to say you are deserting it?" she quavered.

"Yes," said the tall young man, economically burdening himself with a jack, four alligator wrenches and a rug. "And you two ladies would do me a particular favor by giving no clew by which I might be recognized and followed!"

"In that case——" began Essy.

"May I have it?" gasped Miss Schell, faster than she had ever said anything in her life.

The young man gazed down at her with a smile of scorn and pity; and then, as though he could scarcely credit his own good fortune, started to run across the road.

"But you haven't told me if it's really mine!" Miss Schell's voice was almost a wail.

He clambered over the fence, and then turned long enough to utter the single word "yes." With this he fled, taking long kangaroo jumps in the direction of a wooded knoll.

Essy gave Miss Schell an ecstatic hug.

"Think of our having an automobile of our own!" she cried.

"*Our* own!" ejaculated Miss Schell pointedly. "I'll ask you to remember that he gave it to *me*, and that it's *my* car!"

Essy hugged her again, shouting with laughter.

"You told me you hated them," she said. "Only a minute ago I heard you distinctly——"

"I guess I've got converted," replied Miss Schell, recovering from the panic of a possibly divided ownership.

"No Matter that Night Approaches and I Know Not the Way"

And then, with all the joy of possession, she rose and climbed into the seat.

Who can say from whence the inspiration came? It sprang to Miss Schell's lips rounded and complete.

"And I'm going to call it Baby Bullet," said she.

II

THEY sat side by side for ten minutes, gloating and dreaming. The seat was big, wide and luxurious. Miss Schell said that even the merest tyro could see it was a very expensive car, with nothing cheap-John about it. It was such a comfort to think it was French—all the finest cars were French, weren't they?—and its being a bit old-fashioned didn't hurt any. Old-fashioned things were often lots better than new-fangled ones. Didn't it feel solid under you? Didn't it feel strong and splendid, as though it could go anywhere? That young man was a fool, of course—nice of him to give it to her—but plainly a saphead, and without the least mechanical ability. Essy would supply that! Wasn't it providential that she—Essy—knew all about them!

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if he changed his mind and came back?" said Essy.

This remark threw Miss Schell into a fever of apprehension. She asked Essy eagerly how long it would take her "to set it going"?

"Heaven only knows," returned that young lady. "Indeed, I wouldn't try to do anything here at all. Let's take the first tow to the first machine-shop!"

"That's Porchester." Miss Schell's voice was that of a ghost.

"Well, why not?" asked Essy, surprised.

"Why, don't you see, dear," said Miss Schell, "that we've got to put just the biggest distance we can between that young man and ourselves? Porchester is only four miles off. No, Essy, I sha'n't be able to breathe till we're a hundred miles away, and it's my idea we had better tow all night!"

"I don't go two cents on that young man," agreed Essy. "I suppose we ought to have got it in writing, but he seemed in such a hurry."

"He's capable of turning right around and taking it away from us again," said Miss Schell.

"*Us!*" repeated Essy maliciously. It still rankled with her that Christine had annexed Baby Bullet so absolutely. It hurt her sense of comradeship.

But Miss Schell was too wrought up to notice such verbal pin-pricks.

Essy descended, and took a preliminary survey of the car. It evidently dated back to the period when manufacturers were innocent enough to suppose that a gas-engine would run indefinitely without either supervision or adjustments. You compactly assembled your motor and transmission, and then hid it beneath a substantial cab. You built it over as though you were thoroughly ashamed of the whole performance—as well you might be. The history of automobilism has been "live and learn," and neither living nor learning had been carried very far at the time of Baby's birth. It would have taxed a professional contortionist to reach a spark-plug, and the whole body and engine were so inextricably mixed that there was hardly room for your hand to explore the dreadful mystery. Essy's contempt for the young man began to lessen rapidly. She was in the act of tracing one of the wires with her hand to a point where it unaccountably vanished into the woodwork, when she was roused by a cry from Miss Schell.

She extricated herself to find her friend striking a bargain with a carter. He had appeared on the scene while her investigation had been in progress, walking at the head of two powerful horses and a heavy dray. His destination was Little Diston, a village some six or seven miles beyond Porchester, and he was demanding a king's ransom for his services. Miss Schell, firm but conciliatory, was dangling half a crown before this burly fish, who refused to swallow anything under a "payound."

"Strike me dead if it ain't worth it, mum," he said, bending a Herculean shoulder to Baby Bullet, and pushing it an inch to show the stupendous nature of the undertaking.

"Three shillings!" said Miss Schell, who was standing on the seat, and sweeping the horizon with an eagle eye. "And if that won't satisfy you, I'll wait for the hay-wagon!"

Sure enough, another competitor in the tow-business had lumbered into view.

"And six," said the carter insinuatingly.

"And six," assented Miss Schell, who, in her eagerness to get away, was dancing on the car as though it were red-hot. "And say, man, do you know anybody at Little Diston who can tow us out from there to-night?"

"Where to, mum?" asked the carter, leading up his horses, and then backing the dray into Baby Bullet's nose. "Where to, mum?"

"Anywhere," said Miss Schell comprehensively.

"There's 'Awkins' caab, mum."

"'Awkins' what?"

"Caaab, mum."

"What does he mean?" Miss Schell entreated of Essy, who was puzzling out the brakes.

"Caaaab!" roared the carter. "Don't you know what a *caaaaaaab* is?"

"Cab, dear," said Essy, who had a quicker ear for rustic English. She was directing the hitching now, and overcoming the carter's desire to make fast to the radiator. When they were about ready to start she remembered that it might be wise to open the pet-cocks. She got out, flattened herself under the wagon, groveled in the dirt and darkness, and at length emerged, a greasy and disheveled spectre of what, one minute before, had been a very pretty woman. Miss Schell regarded her dreamily, and, quite oblivious to any change in her appearance, remarked: "You must teach me all those little things, Essy."

In a few moments they were under way, Essy steering, and with her foot ready on the transmission-brake to check Baby Bullet's impetuosity when a slight change in the grade made such a precaution necessary. Miss Schell leaned back in a seventh Heaven of delight, and, with a sigh of deep content, resigned herself to the joys of automobilism!

"Oh, it's grand—grand!" she murmured, closing her eyes in bliss.

"Just wait till we scoot along at thirty miles an hour, under our own power," said Essy. She was excited, too, and indulgent of Miss Schell's almost childish enthusiasm. "I'll be surprised if the engine doesn't develop fifteen h. p. on the brake, or even more!"

"Fifteen h. p. on the brake!" ejaculated Miss Schell, repeating the words like a poem.

The afternoon wore on. They reached Porchester, and halted at the Royal Elm for their dress-suit cases. All Porchester assisted to tie them on behind Baby Bullet; all Porchester craned its head to see Miss Schell give the hostler sixpence; a large portion of Porchester followed them for a mile into the country, and offered up a farewell cheer.

They were about half-way to Little Diston when they approached a cross-roads. This offshoot of the main highway was merely a rough country lane, and they would scarcely have given it more than a passing glance had not a break in the hedgerows disclosed a brother in misfortune. Yes, at the tail of a plow-horse, ridden by a barelegged boy, was another automobile waterlogged like themselves on the broad ocean of England. It was a monster compared to Baby Bullet, with a long hood that told of four cylinders, and a top with rolled-up side curtains. It had the fine lines of a crack French car; and Essy's practiced eyes approvingly took in the side entrance, the water-gauge on the dash, and a few other points of up-to-date excellence. These technicalities considered, the solitary occupant next claimed her attention.

He was a very big young man, with a bulldoggish face and stalwart shoulders; and he was steering negligently with one gauntleted hand that half covered the wheel. Even at a distance there was a curious grimness in his expression as though he had taken his disaster very much to heart. His bold profile and powerful jaw lent him a masterful air, which was intensified by an indefinable sternness as he gazed before him at the horse. Following the strange car, at about a dozen paces in the rear, was another man. He wore a short leather coat of a dirty

wine color, with breeches and puttees to match; and in one hand he held his cap, while with the other he carried a natty, cloth-covered, young-ladyish valise that seemed to burden him excessively. There was something in his appearance unmistakably foreign—foreign and dejected—and a crushed spirit obviously lurked under all that plum-colored leather. His overcast face was thin and sallow; his untamed black hair covered his head like a mop; and he had a quick, nervous, French way of walking, which in happier circumstances would have readily become a little dance of courtesy and deference.

The driver of the new car took a sidelong glance at Baby Bullet, and then, leaning over the dash, gave an order to the barelegged boy. The horse broke into a trot and Mr. Four Cylinder forged ahead, as though afraid that, when their roads converged, he might be condemned to the second place. But such was not his intention, for at the cross-roads he came to a stop; and Essy, adroitly swerving Baby to the side in order to gain an uninterrupted view, was electrified to see the bulldoggish young man descend, take several paces in her direction, and then, hat in hand, deliberately wait for Baby Bullet to approach!

III

MISS SCHELL was all of a quiver. Her thin, wiry figure straightened. She gave agitated little pats at her grayish curls. A Man—an unintroduced Man—was lying in wait to address her!

Baby Bullet trundled on slowly till it was almost abreast of the stranger. The carter stopped. The stranger advanced a step, and in a deep, pleasant voice said: "I beg your pardon!"

Miss Schell uttered a ladylike and encouraging cough. It said: "Please go on; I approve of you. What is your trouble, my poor young man?"

The stranger, with a wave of his large hand, indicated the plum-colored foreigner.

"That unmitigated chump," began the stranger, in a tone carefully calculated to cover the intervening distance, "that seven-hundred-and-fifty-francs-a-month French fraud—that tangle-haired galoot and all-fired idiot and tomfool, forgot to fill my petrol tank this morning, and stranded me in the middle of this agricultural country!"

This was all Greek to Miss Schell, but she murmured, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" in a tone so commiserating that it reached straight to the bulldoggish young man's heart.

"If your own tank is full," he went on, "might I so far trespass on your good-nature—and appeal to the bond that unites all good automobilists—as to beg a single gallon to carry me on to the next supply?"

"Have we any?" Miss Schell asked of Essy.

"I suppose so," said Essy, remembering that petrol was English for gasoline.

"Don't you *know?*" inquired the young man, stunned for a moment at this appearance of subterfuge. "'Pon my soul, I'd be grateful for a quart!"

"I imagine we have plenty," said Essy.

"Would you permit me to look?" pleaded the stranger.

"Yes, if you know where," said Essy.

The young man stared at her in amazement. He wondered if her words could be meant as a joke. But his need was too urgent for him to waste time; and, construing her words as a permission, he forthwith dived under Baby Bullet. There they heard him bumping his head and smothering swears. The Frenchman approached, set his valise down, and gloomily regarded them. Suddenly his face wreathed in smiles.

"Why, dis is an old three-cylinder compound Despardoux!" he exclaimed, patting Baby affectionately, and evidently recognizing an old friend. "I didn't know zat there was one left in ze whole world! To think," he went on, smilingly meeting Essy's eyes, "to think zat there still runs a Despardoux!"

"I don't know about running!" said Essy, emphasizing the last word.

"Zat was always the trouble with ze old Despardoux, Mademoiselle. It was the glory of exhibitions, but on the road—*peste!* Should I be taking a freedom if I observed that doubtless Mademoiselle has already had a great deal of trouble?"

"Very little so far, Monsieur!"

"You see, we haven't had it very long," Miss Schell conscientiously volunteered.

"A good car, though," the Frenchman went on, fearful that he might have given offense. "Vairy what-you-call solid. You could throw the Despardoux over a precipice, and it would arrive at the bottom none ze vorse!"

"Could you not assist the gentleman with you?" said Miss Schell.

The Frenchman's countenance changed, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I am deescharged!" he said. "I received my deesmissal an hour ago. I have neither the inclination nor ze good-will to assist Mr. Sutphen!"

At this Mr. Sutphen kicked himself out, and rose to the surface. He was half angry, half puzzled. Didn't they want to oblige him with the petrol that they so sedulously kept the secret of its whereabouts?

"You see my predicament," he said in a wounded tone. "I cannot think you'd grudge a brother automobilist so small a favor—so small for you, I mean, and yet all-important to me! Where is your tank?"

"The trouble is I don't know," said Essy.

Mr. Sutphen looked more puzzled and hurt than ever.

"What's the matter with your car?" he asked.

"I don't know that, either!"

"Where are you going?"

"You can search me!"

This homely idiom, thrown out as a feeler, was completely successful in its object.

"Americans!" he exclaimed delightedly. "I'm an American myself!" Essy found herself shaking an immense gauntlet. Miss Schell shook the immense gauntlet. The only outsider in this happy reunion was the Frenchman, who glowered at his late master, and muttered "Sacred Blue!" under his breath. Essy, in a gush of confidence, and sustained by the unspoken concurrence of Miss Schell, hastily explained how they had come into the possession of Baby Bullet

It Flashed by Them in a Pother of Dust, Exhaling a Voluminous Odor of Fried Lubricating Oil and Burned Gases

"There must be a gasoline tank somewhere," said Mr. Sutphen, gazing at the chunky little car. "And if the man said he had only come twenty miles there ought to be a lot!"

"You can have all there is if you can find it," said Essy.

Then the Frenchman took a hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "as a favor to *yourself*—but in no way for Mr. Sutphen, who has heaped insults on me the most frightful—I shall be happy to show you the exact posection of the tank!"

"Yes, that's a good fellow," said Sutphen.

The Frenchman pointedly ignored this observation.

"If ze two ladies will kindly descend," he said, "I will put my humble services at their dees-posal."

Mr. Sutphen helped them out, while the Frenchman, using the screwdriver end of his pliers, began to take out the floor boards. He uncovered the tank and gave it a few taps to determine how much it held. It was full.

"Ask Mr. Sutphen to bring his air-pump, and the collapsible bucket he will find in the right-hand basket next the cold chicken," said the Frenchman to Essy, as though she was to interpret this into an unknown tongue. "Let us not use our own pump, as petrol is harmful to ze washers and vairy bad for rubber."

Mr. Sutphen went off for both these articles. He was too pleased to get his gasoline to mind the other's guarded insolence. He lovingly extracted two bucketfuls of that appalling fluid from Baby Bullet, and with sniffs of satisfaction bore it carefully to his own car. When he had turned over his engine and caught the spark, he could almost have hugged himself with joy.

"Now please tell me what I can do in return?" he demanded of Miss Schell. His strong, sunburned face was glowing with gratitude.

The schoolmistress, with the cunning of the serpent and the demureness of the dove, made some ladylike pretenses of refusal. They could get along very nicely by themselves, she declared, and couldn't possibly dream of taxing his good-nature. The carter would tow them to Little Diston, where they would exchange him for a cab, and embark on an all-night trip.

"All-night trip!" exclaimed Sutphen, eying her with amazement.

Essy hastily, and at a cost of some embarrassment to Miss Schell, explained the need to put all the space possible between themselves and the unknown donor of Baby Bullet. Mr. Sutphen began to laugh—a contagious laugh, in which both Essy and Miss Schell had to join. He had out a pocket-map, and was running an immense forefinger past Little Diston.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "Here's Axminster, about thirty-five or forty miles north of here, and there aren't any contour lines that mean grades. I can get you there easy by about half-past eight; and then there'll still be time for you to engage the hay-motor, and go on all night if you choose."

"Tow us?" queried Miss Schell, who could hardly believe her own good fortune.

"Bet your life," returned Sutphen in the vernacular of God's own. "Now see here," he continued confidentially to Essy, "this tow business is easy enough behind a wagon, but do you think you have the nerve and skill for a fifteen-mile clip?"

"I've run a Manton for a year," she returned, a little hurt at his skepticism. "And I hold the Park certificate, and I won the ladies' non-stop to San Jose!"

He gazed at her admiringly. Here was something like a girl. She spoke the gasoline language, and was, besides, astonishingly pretty. A girl like that would appreciate an external expanding, metal to metal clutch, and a carburetter with positively-connected valves. Henrietta didn't know one end of a car from the other. He sighed from a variety of complicated emotions, and hitched up.

"We'd better have a simple code of signals," he said. "Three toots of my horn will mean that I am going to slow up suddenly. One from you will tell me to speed up; two, to keep it at that; three to slow down till I hear two—or if you keep on threeing I'll stop altogether."

The Frenchman, disconsolate and woebegone, was watching these preparations like a wistful child against a candy-store window. But Heaven, that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and takes count even of the lowly *mécanicien*, had found for him a friend. Miss Schell, who had ingeniously thought out a way of killing two birds with one stone, was insisting that he should be given the little front seat on Baby Bullet. Compassion, blended with self-interest, were both at work in that snowy bosom. The secrets of the Despardoux—now Baby Bullet—were to be economically unlocked by M. Alphonse Talieferro Bocher at some convenient machine-shop to be sought out on the morrow. He had already vociferously volunteered his services to that end, and had drawn a lurid picture of Baby's probable fate at the hands of the British Workman. Thousand thunders! would she allow those boobies to touch that beautiful (if somewhat old-fashioned and complicated) car, and ruin it forever with their bungling hands? He did not dwell on the expense. Doubtless expense was but a trifle to Mademoiselle. But no one wishes to pay out a fortune and receive back a tangle of steel that was once a Despardoux! But he—Alphonse Talieferro Bocher, free of charge—Mademoiselle would remark his words—free of charge—would engage to put that little Despardoux in perfect order.

Mr. Sutphen received the proposal a shade unkindly. His smoldering anger flamed up all over again. What? Tow that dreamy-eyed ass? He had positively asked him that morning, "Alphonse, are you sure the tank

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How Miss Wilcox Was Fired

By I. K. Friedman

The Story of the Dangerous Stenographer and the Susceptible Grocers

BEFORE Ed Furber came home from college and supplanted me as head man of the office there was no time wasted in looking at the references of pretty applicants for the positions of stenographers. A man, according to my way of looking at it, ought to leave well enough alone; and being a confirmed as well as a happy bachelor, I didn't purpose to give the goddess of good fortune an excuse for being jealous of any woman on earth—you know very well what a jealous goddess has it in her power to do for a mortal; I resolved to cling to the safe side, and never to delude myself with the idea that I was hiring a Venus for her boasted stenographic abilities when in reality I was only giving some future Mrs. Ottaway a sinecure to tide herself over until I could make up my mind to support both of us by the sweat of my brow. Unless you are running a matrimonial bureau, where the nature of the case permits it, I don't believe in combining business with courtship, and so, although I am aware that it was horribly unjust, I was always careful to tell the attractive ladies that they had come just one minute too late—then I turned around and hired an ugly girl who entered a minute or two later. It cost me many a pang; but business is business, and I didn't want Montgomery & Furber's office to resemble a county fair at the time when the beauty contest is being held. Our customers used to tell me that it chilled them to gaze around the office and see the faces bent over the typewriters, but I kept my eyes fastened on the correspondence that was turned out and felt safe.

When the handsome Miss Celestine Wilcox, arrayed like Mrs. Solomon in all her glory, stepped up to my desk, mistook me for Ed Furber—as if one man would serve her purposes quite as well as another—and handed me her letters of recommendation with a condescending smile, I didn't lose a second in reaching out, grabbing the opportunity with both hands and telling her with a sigh how bitterly I regretted that the job had just wriggled out of the window when she entered by way of the door. I had never been called upon to perform such a difficult task in all the many years that I had been in the employment of Montgomery & Furber, and I think, all things considered, that I acquitted myself with credit enough to have received an honorable mention. There was a compelling something about the young lady—a charm of manner, an indefinable sweetness perhaps, a grace of carriage—that attracted me to her strongly—so strongly that I thought it better not to have her within hearing distance unless I was prepared to answer her beck and call. For the first time in my life I was tempted to break my inviolable rule, and if the force of habit, a strong will and years of preparation hadn't marched to my assistance, I would have succumbed with an ease that would have made Miss Wilcox laugh at me had she learned about it.

It might have been the end of Miss Celestine Wilcox then and there, in so far as the firm of Montgomery & Furber and myself were concerned, if Ed Furber hadn't chanced into the office at what the novelists rush nowadays to call the psychological moment.

Ed went down to business, just as I suspect he went to his classes at college, as if he could miss a couple of days and make up for them later, when he happened to be in the humor. I considered it an outrage, to say nothing of the bad example it set to the host of employees, but it wasn't my place to reprimand him, and I shouldn't have found an increase of salary in my pay-envelope at the end of the week even if I had. George Furber, Ed's older brother, who worked outside in the stock department and who was business to his fingertips, used to scold Ed sharply for the hours he kept; but Ed laughed it off and told George he had no objection to his working overtime to restore the family balance. He himself didn't propose to go around with an alarm clock instead of a watch in his pocket, and he didn't see much use in having a father in the firm if he had to get downtown to direct the colored porter in the etiquette of opening front doors. George finally complained to his father about Ed's conduct, but old man Furber rather looked up to Ed because he had spent several thousand dollars on his education and down on George because his education hadn't cost as many hundreds, and he made light of the complaint and said it wasn't fair to expect Ed to take to business before he worked the Latin and Greek out of his system—a few minutes' perspiration would have accomplished that feat, I think.

Well, to go back to Ed. On the morning when Miss Wilcox put in her first and fatal appearance he might just as well have reached his post of duty at 9:45 instead of 9:44 and so have missed her, but as luck would have it he was seized with a fit of repentance that morning and had bestirred himself. He caught sight of Miss Wilcox, lifted his hat, smiled and paused to admire her general appearance; she nodded in return, raised her big, blue, innocent eyes and then dropped them as if she had been overcome by the first sight of this young Napoleon of commerce—which was mighty flattering to Ed, seeing that he knew just as much about the grocery business as did Napoleon himself.

Ed then proceeded to draw off his fawn-colored gloves leisurely, as if he had time to kill before his day's work began, stuffed them inside of his gray top-coat, lit one of his father's Prodigos, and calmly asked Miss Wilcox if there was anything he could do for her. Of course she was intelligent enough to understand that a young man who came downtown at 9:44, smoked during business hours, wore fawn-colored gloves and a top-coat, could do a great deal to add to the happiness of a young woman of her disposition, and she made herself agreeable with a speed that would have won the admiration of a rapid-change artist.

The next thing I knew she was seated beside Ed's desk, and he was reading her references as leisurely and carefully as if they were proof-sheets of the firm's advertisement for a high-class periodical. A few minutes later she marched past me with a smile and an air of triumph that plainly said, "I'll get even with you!"—and I knew then that Ed had given her the job. My prophetic soul saw trouble ahead.

She reported for work Monday morning bright and early—a good deal brighter and a good deal earlier than the man who had hired her—and I started her in by giving her a handful of bills to copy, which she took from me as if they had been hot coals and she didn't have a pair of asbestos gloves to meet the situation. I waited for those bills as patiently as I did for my first mustache, and, as they were not forthcoming in a reasonable time, I stepped over to her desk and told her curtly that she would have to hurry. She looked me full in the face and tossed her aquiline nose in the air, as if to say that it made no earthly difference to her whether or not I was in a hurry, she herself being in no hurry at all. It was annoying; and, exasperated beyond endurance, I exerted my authority as head of the office during Ed's absence and ordered:

"You may quit work right now, Miss Wilcox!"

Sensible, Plodding George

"Oh, may I!" she returned, remaining where she was and dawdling over the leaves of the invoice as if they had been the pages of a rather dull novel.

When Ed finally sauntered in at his 9:45 gait, I explained what had happened, hoping that he would pay me the respect due to my long and faithful services by backing up my authority; but my hopes were dashed to the ground, for he only clapped me on the back good-naturedly and remarked:

"It's all right, Ottaway; you've fired her and I'll hire her again, so we're both satisfied."

There wasn't anything left for me to do but to choke down my pride, swallow it and look preoccupied when Miss Wilcox passed my desk with her nose raised toward the ceiling, as if to suggest that was where she intended to raise me when she found the time to attend to it.

Ed annexed her for his private stenographer and she turned out his work in ship-shape—and no wonder, seeing that he used what was left of the morning to dictate a letter, and that she took the whole afternoon to talk the epistle over with him and to typewrite it. You would have thought, when they smiled and put their heads together, that they were collaborating on a humorous story, with a love episode as the nub of it. Nor would I have you think that I was piqued or jealous at all—not a bit of it—for while I am willing to acknowledge that Ed was better looking and younger than I, still I am conceited enough to believe that a superior mind counts for something with the fair sex, and if I had been as willing as Ed to sacrifice my business convictions to a mere personal gratification, I am certain that any woman as clever as Miss Wilcox—but I merely wish to clear the road of any possible misapprehension of my motives.

Of course the bill-clerks, the bookkeepers and the other stenographers were not slow to discover what was in the air, and the way they grinned, winked and grimaced behind the backs of the easy Edward and his fair Celestine set my teeth on edge. It was a thousand pities to see the complicated, magnificent machinery of the office that I had built

It Only Required a Lead Pencil and Three Minutes to Trace that Brilliant Achievement to its Source

up and set to running so smoothly adjust and lend itself to the petty purposes of a semi-matrimonial bureau. Not wishing to suffer any further humiliation from the hands, or rather the nose, of Miss Wilcox, I gave her a wide berth and intrusted my mail to Miss Ohlendorff, who made up in speed what she lacked in looks—she was the speediest operator in the office.

How she did it is still inexplicable to me, but before the week had whirled around the beautiful Miss Wilcox had wormed herself into the ugly Miss Ohlendorff's confidence. They talked to each other more than was good for one of them, and they usually went out for luncheon together and came back with arms intertwined as if they couldn't bear the thought of being separated.

Meanwhile it occurred to me that the clever Celestine must have persuaded Miss Ohlendorff that she was doing too much work for the money, and that she would save her health and not impair her finances if she ceased to put as much spirit into the typewriter as Paderewski did into the piano. At any rate, Miss Ohlendorff kept lagging a letter or two behind in a way that drove me frantic, and the whole stenographic corps, which took their cue from Miss Ohlendorff, followed suit. I had stood enough to entitle me to a seat beside Job—I didn't want the distinction of moving up ahead of him—and so I resolved to stand no more and to fire Miss Ohlendorff, since it seemed beyond human power to fire Miss Wilcox.

I moved Miss McVeigh into Miss Ohlendorff's place and for a while things ran smoothly. Miss Ohlendorff's discharge served for a warning in the first place, and in the second, the beautiful Miss Wilcox couldn't win over Miss McVeigh—a stubborn Scotch old maid—to her good graces and get her under her thumb, try as she would. And certainly she did try—or I was unjust enough to misconstrue her generosity in that light when I saw her give Miss McVeigh half of a big bunch of violets, charged to Ed's account somewhere, and half of a five-pound box of chocolates that were charged to Ed's account somewhere else. If I had wanted to demean myself by bribing a woman with candy and flowers, and I am not a stingy man, either ——! With characteristic Scotch canniness, Miss McVeigh took the candy and the flowers, and with characteristic Scotch loyalty she remained true to her trust and traveled the path of duty. Perhaps Miss Wilcox didn't dote on giving candy and flowers away—especially when they had been given to her—without getting something in return for them; perhaps she resented Miss McVeigh's attitude of self-sufficiency; perhaps—but, whatever the reason, before long she was looking around for a pretext to quarrel with the old maid, and she didn't have to steam around by way of the North Pole to discover it. She simply drew one of Miss McVeigh's letters out of the basket and gratuitously swooped down on the liberty of correcting its spelling.

"The plural of money isn't spelled *m-o-n-e-y-s* but *m-o-n-i-e-s*, Miss McVeigh," she said in her blandest and sweetest tones.

"It's *m-o-n-e-y-s*," insisted Miss McVeigh haughtily—"and besides, I'll trouble you to mind your own affairs!"

"Very well," asserted Miss Wilcox, drawing herself up to her full height and looking just a trifle more beautiful than I had ever seen her look before; "I'll see Mr. Edward Furber and find out if it isn't *m-o-n-i-e-s*. If it isn't, I don't stay!" And with that she whirled over to Ed's desk and sobbed out that Miss McVeigh had insulted her and that it was a question of which one left, the institution not being large enough to hold a girl who spelled monies m-o-n-e-y-s and who wouldn't take the time and the little extra trouble necessary to spell it out correctly.

Despite myself, I admired Miss Wilcox at that moment; I fell prostrate before her regal display of audacity; any other girl would have stopped half way and won my everlasting contempt for what would have been her impudence; but Miss Wilcox did nothing by halves—except her correspondence.

Ed tried to smooth it over by saying it was spelled both ways and that only those who had money in the single were foolish enough to lie awake nights worrying over the ways and means of pluralizing it. But Ed's tactics didn't work, Miss Wilcox holding sternly to it with queenly dignity that he must decide which stenographer he wanted the more. Ed leaned over and whispered something to her; she returned to her work apparently satisfied, and I thought the spelling match had been declared off, with honors equally distributed, although Miss Wilcox's pronounced air of victory should have taught me better.

In the morning Ed arrived at the office long before I did, which must have cost him untold qualms of conscience—since he had solemnly pledged himself never to leave his bed before nine o'clock—and he told Miss McVeigh, with a serious mien, that he had given the matter careful consideration and come to the conclusion that moneys should be spelled m-o-n-i-e-s, and that a firm of the importance of Montgomery & Furber couldn't afford to keep in their employ a girl who twisted English orthography to suit her Scotch whimsicalities.

When I reached the office and found Miss McVeigh's place vacant, and when Miss Wilcox turned toward it and then toward me with a provoking, warning air that shouted "Next!" I let go of my temper completely, beckoned Ed into his father's private apartment and read him a piece of my mind.

"I don't want you to think, Ed," I pleaded, "that I care two pins about the slighting way in which Miss Wilcox chooses to treat me, but, if you keep her here much longer, you'll bring business to such a pass that there won't even be enough work left to keep her occupied. Discipline has all gone to smash, and there are mistakes made in this huge concern that would disgrace a corner peanut-stand."

"Anybody can see," answered Ed with a smile that got on my nerves and sat there, "that you don't put the question on a personal basis. If it were any other man on

Looking as Fresh and Blond as if She Hadn't Done a Stroke of Work that Morning

earth I might think he was swayed the least little bit by jealousy. But the trouble with you is, Ottaway, that you take trifles too seriously. There are plenty of stenographers, man! All you have to do is to pick out one that suits Miss Wilcox, then things will run along all right!"

"Where do I come in under that arrangement?" I asked plaintively. "Am I to be suited or not?"

"I guess you can fix it up with her if you're reasonable about it," he remarked, sauntering back to his desk.

I grasped the fact that Ed was far beyond any appeal to reason. I hardly liked to drag his father into the controversy and I fell back on sensible, plodding George Furber as my court of last resort. My relation came as a revelation to George and he seemed to be seriously shocked and grieved over it.

"My brother Ed was always more or less of an ass, Ottaway," he burst out, "but I didn't suppose he had taken the thirty-third degree in asininity. I only hope he isn't engaged to marry the girl!"

"Prepare your mind for the worst, George," counseled I, practicing what I preached at the same time.

"For better or for worse," he flashed back, beside himself. "That foolishness is going to end right here!" And, losing no time to put his good resolutions into effect, he haled Ed into his father's private office and gave him a good round measure of brotherly advice. George's voice rose higher and higher, but Ed evidently held on to his coolness and good nature, which were his chief assets, for I could hear his full, boyish laughter every now and then. I couldn't resist the temptation of aiming at Miss Wilcox a glance, fraught half with triumph, half with the tenderness of pity, that was meant to do service for the words: "It's all up with you now, my dear young lady, yet if you are willing to do what is right I'll meet you more than half way." But if she saw it she pretended that she didn't, which was all one in so far as my purpose was concerned, and she kept her eyes glued to the typewriter and her hands glued to her sides, where they were usually to be found five out of every eight working hours. She certainly had pluck and confidence in her own resources, which are admirable qualities in business or outside of it.

I was in truth a little surprised when the door opened and Ed, with a broad grin on his cherubic countenance, called the redoubtable Miss Wilcox. She arose, smiled sweetly, arranged her locks and her frock and walked into that private office as if she had been summoned to the Furber mansion to receive the congratulations of the family and the wishes that she and Ed might live happily ever afterward. Shortly thereafter Ed came out and left George and his fair one to settle—I'll be blessed if I could ever discover what. All I know is that when they made their exit George was as cheerful as if he had consummated a big business deal—perhaps he had driven a bargain for Ed—and Miss Wilcox loomed up as if she had been proclaimed belle of the ball by a unanimous masculine vote and as if she were reading the verdict to the feminine contingent that had cast its ballots for itself. She glanced at me, tossed her nose in the air, which was quite as ominous as the action of a victorious admiral in raising his own colors on a conquered battleship, and her eyes said: "You might just as well hand in your resignation now, Mr. Ottaway." And I don't know but she was in the right, although, when a man has a lucrative position like mine, he doesn't like to let go of it until he sees something in sight that is equally as good.

"Ottaway," said George, laying his hand on my shoulder confidentially, "I'm afraid that you've placed the wrong construction on things—quite unintentionally, of course. For some reason or the other, you've failed to understand Miss Wilcox. When you come to know her you'll find she's one of the finest of women!"

When I recovered from that blow I leaned my chin on my outstretched hand and fell to wondering if Miss Wilcox had studied hypnotism under Charcot or some other firsthand authority, and I had half a notion to bury my pride and my fear and ask her to give me lessons. All Miss Wilcox needed to round out and complete her abilities was a year at Washington, which would surely make her the wife of a diplomat—which would surely make the diplomat a valuable man to the ruler of any country.

It goes without saying that it didn't take long for the clerks and the stenographers to learn where the balance of power lay in the office, and they began to pay deference to me as a matter of habit and deference to Miss Wilcox as a matter of fact. It would have puzzled an outsider to have learned who was in authority, anyway. There were moments when I thought I was; but when I caught sight of Miss Wilcox's nose raised at half mast, so to speak, I recovered from the illusion.

Schilling, the head bookkeeper who had been with the house since the year one and who paid no attention to anything that went on outside of his ledger—even to the cabals and factions that are bound to go on in every big office—still recognized me as his superior, and I saw Miss Wilcox eying him in a perplexed sort of way, as if she were making up her mind whether or not to have him fired. She probably decided that he was too old to count, and I still believe that his gray hair saved him; for two of the younger men who got it into their minds that I knew more about business than Miss Wilcox lost their heads. The office-boy, who showed enough insight into human nature to have been put on the road, his knickerbockers to the contrary, brought her a bunch of wild flowers for four successive mornings, and he had his salary raised.

Far be it from me to complain about the number of mistakes that were made during the week—I simply handed the running of affairs over to Miss Wilcox and trusted to Providence to bring things out right, doing merely what fell under my hand and keeping my tongue between my teeth, which so taxed my energies that I had but little strength left to do anything else.

One big blunder raised such a storm that the dust in the trail of it reached old man Furber's nose and made him sneeze. He was one of those cautious, careful old gentlemen who rather would have missed a coupon on an interest-bearing bond than have any error take place in his

office. He thought to err in business was inhuman and to forgive all poetical nonsense. He came to me with a handful of letters, a bunch of bills and a face longer than an invoice and demanded an explanation. It only required a lead pencil and three minutes to trace that brilliant achievement to its source, which was Miss Wilcox's typewriter.

"Fire her, quick!" he ordered.

"I did long ago, Mr Furber," I rejoined.

"And she's here yet!" he roared. "Has the woman a mortgage on my business?"

"It would seem so," I sighed. "Ed hired her again!"

"Eddy's chicken-hearted," he said with a disgusted look. "That's what all that Latin and Greek does for a man! I'll fire her, though, you bet, and in short order! She doesn't pull that blond shock of hers over my eyes!"

While I was reflecting whether or not he would prove equal to the task that he had laid out for himself, he marched over to her desk with those bills and letters and my penciled memoranda and sat down beside her, a dark scowl drawn across his bewhiskered countenance.

Old man Furber hated a mistake in business so much that when he caught and killed one he indulged a savage pride in exhibiting its hide to the universe. I should have felt a little more like wagering on his firing ability if he had discharged Miss Wilcox first and given her the history of her error afterward; for I knew full well if she gained time to swing her diplomacy and her tact and all her charms into play that mistake wouldn't count for any more than if it never had been made. She poked her pretty blond head as close to the old gentleman's white whiskers as she could without merging them into one, listened to what he had to say breathlessly and as if overcome, and then she broke out into a eulogy on his astuteness in discovering the error that cajoled him into grinning like a schoolboy. It wouldn't occur again, of course; she was grateful to have the correcting influence of Mr. Furber's matured judgment—if only the younger men in the office were as mentally alert as he!

"I was a little excited, Ottaway," said the old gentleman to me a while afterward. "I am of the opinion that Miss Wilcox will do first-rate when she's had a trifle more experience!"

I didn't dispute the assertion. I was of the opinion now that I had been a fool to interfere in a purely family affair. Doubtlessly a woman with Miss Wilcox's genius for handling people would make any business man a good wife; especially a man like Ed Furber who knew no more about human nature than if it were so much groceries.

He Tried to Smooth it Over by Saying It Was Spelt Both Ways

It was shortly after this last episode that I observed the crestfallen, blue and preoccupied air that Ed Furber wore, and, while casting about for an explanation of his change in demeanor, it dawned on my attention that George trotted from the stock-room into the office three times to every once that was necessary, and that Miss Wilcox pranced out there twice to every two times that she had no business there at all. You will have discovered by this time that our beautiful stenographer was too ambitious, too zealous, to do merely what she was paid for doing. In addition to what I saw with my own eyes, one of the office gossips told me that a red automobile, containing George Furber and Miss Wilcox, had almost run over him in the park. The clerk grumbled that it was enough to be in danger of losing his job all day on Miss Wilcox's account, without being obliged to keep a sharp lookout lest he be run down by her at night. The overtime without the overpay seemed to worry him as much as if he had belonged to a union. Well, I didn't need George's Panhard to run over me to learn what accident had added an unbecoming and extra inch to the length of Ed's face, although I did feel as if I had been flattened out by some machine or the other. No, I wasn't jealous of George, not one particle more than I had been of Ed.

"What's been the matter with you, Ed?" I asked him one day with assumed innocence, noticing that he didn't leave the office for luncheon.

"Oh, I don't feel much like eating these days," he answered with a yawn. "To tell you the truth, Ottaway, the mistakes that occur in this office make me sick. It isn't business and it hurts the firm."

"The suddenness with which you discovered it and the rapidity with which you formed your judgment speak volumes for your business acumen, Ed," I replied.

"Drop your cheap sarcasm," he retorted. "I'm not a fool; give me credit for having my eyes wide open, Ottaway. This sort of thing has gone on long enough, and when she comes back from lunch—she's only been gone two hours—I'm going to fire her."

I grasped his hand in mock gratitude—indeed I didn't know whether I was glad or sad; I dreaded the monotony that her absence would leave behind as a painful memory—but Ed told me not to make an ass of myself, that there was no more ado to be raised about discharging her than discharging anybody else, and that the only way to hold a job with Furber & Montgomery was to attend to your knitting; friendship and all that sort of a thing didn't go with him. One might have thought that Ed had lain awake all night reading a guide-book to the proper transaction of business.

It was in the neighborhood of two o'clock when Miss Wilcox returned, looking as fresh and blond as if she hadn't done a stroke of work that morning—which she hadn't—and she was just preparing to take off her coat and hat when Ed stepped up to her in that sang-froid way of his—he must have practiced to have got it back—and said to her politely:

"I wouldn't bother, if I were you, Miss Wilcox, about removing my wraps."

"Oh, I can work just as well when they're off," she laughed, rolling her big, blue, innocent eyes at Ed.

"Not here you can't," he retorted.

"Why not?" she asked. The roll passed out of her eyes and a puzzled expression crept into them.

"Just because there will be some one else to take your place," he ended, turning on his heel.

She stood still and gasped like a dethroned queen; then she recovered herself, smiled as if there were plenty of thrones in the world, after all—as if it were quite as easy to climb down from one as to mount another—and left the office. I was trying hard at the time to analyze my feelings, but I was obliged to give over the attempt as a failure, although I did decide that it was scarcely worthy of

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Half a Dozen Silhouettes

By Rebecca Harding Davis

Some Parties in the Case Drawn from Life

Thomas Paull

THE most important case now on trial before the country is, of course, that of the negro. We have heard so many arguments for and against him that we are all, perhaps, a little bored by him just now. There is no argument in this paper on either side—only a few photographs of some typical "Afro-Americans" that you may see the parties in the case as they actually are.

The only value in such pictures is, of course, their absolute truth. The negroes that I give you here are actual men and women. One has died since this paper was written, the others are living. Their names have been altered.

Thomas Paull is a stout, gray-haired mulatto of about fifty, a carpenter in a stirring Mississippi town. He speaks with no negro accent, and with the decision and readiness of a man who is used daily to transact business.

"Wantin' an account of my life? There's nothin' in it special as I knows of. Yes, of course, I was born in slavery. You'll find very few of my people of my age in the South, that are of any account, who weren't born slaves. Them free niggers down here in the war-time was a poor lot, I've heard always. But our young people now don't like to talk of their slave grandaddies! Well, that's natural, too. As for me, my father was the carpenter on Miss Ann Cope's big plantation near Natchez. I used to be in the shop always, foolin' with the saws and hatchets. We stayed with Miss Ann when we was free. I kept on carpentering. When I was growed I come down here. That's all there is to say. The folks know me and know my work. I don't fool away the time, and I don't cheat, and they know that. So I gets the jobs. I've more to do than I can manage. I took a contract for a big mill yesterday.

"My brother's a mason. He lives in Jacksonville, in Florida. He just finished the mason work on a big church there a month ago. It stands on the square facin' the Confederit Soldier.

"I suppose you've heard a good many of my folk have gone up North in the last year. Let 'em go, I say. That's all the better for me. Leaves more work for me. There's enough carpenterin' here for four more good men."

Pearl, a chambermaid in a hotel at Atlantic City, is a Canadian, a tall, yellow quadroon, with a shapely figure and extraordinary grace of movement. Her lips are thick, her nose flat, her large topaz-colored eyes are glassy and absolutely without meaning. You see such eyes in fishes sometimes. She wears spectacles. She is dressed now for the parade on the boardwalk in a scarlet skirt and pale blue waist. Her hat is topped with huge white plumes. She is draped with cotton lace and gilt fringe. She never loses the consciousness of being a Personage, and is not at all surprised when her biography is asked for. She speaks in a shrill, insolent voice, in which are neither the softness nor the accent of the Southern negro:

"Yes, I'm a Canadian lady. Toronto's my city. Born free? Well, I should say so! The people of color in Canada always was free. Different stuff from the miserable nigger trash in this country. My name's Miss Cornelia Pearl Heminway. You might have seen it in the papers. I have wrote poems and a novel. That novel isn't out yet. Yes, I'm a chambermaid just now. But my perfession is writing for the colored folks' papers. I am pretty smart at drawin', too. Some of my pictures has been in the Afro-American Miscellany. The way I make money at Atlantic City, though, is by givin' cakewalks. I sing and dance. I've regelated all the cakewalks giv' this season."

Pearl

She sang a verse with a voice of tremendous power, but it had none of that wild, melancholy pathos which belongs to the tones of the negro of unmixed blood. I found afterward, by the way, that two of the new dances in the leading vaudeville theatre in New York last winter were invented by this woman.

"I've been married, yes. My husband went off years ago on business. 'Pears as if he was dead. Yes, I have a daughter. She's nine. Miss Felicia Oriole Heminway. She's bein' educated by the Sisters in Montreal. No chamberwork nor cakewalkin' for her." She gave a toss of her head and a cough which sounded like a sob. "I'm not goin' never to interjuice her into public life. She's a fine singer aready. She kin paint portraits. I'll interjuice her into society in Washington—our most uppermost classes is there—or into our succles in Toronto. I'll be

much surprised," she adds with an hysterical laugh, "if Felicia doesn't marry a gentleman of fortune. She'll drive in her carriage yet, and look down on the white trash that keeps us under their feet!" It was curious that this woman, removed by three generations from slavery, and treated from birth as an equal by the white race, was the only one who seemed to feel any antipathy to them.

Peter Gregory is a short, stocky man, absolutely black, with eager, rolling eyes. Just now, being in a money-making business, he is handsomely dressed in strictly clerical fashion, except for the huge gold fob and a rhinestone pin in his expansive shirt-front. I am sure that he quite believes, to-day, this story which he tells here of himself, though to-morrow he may tell a very different one, and will believe that, too.

"Me? Dey wants my bography? Why, shuah, suhtainly! Since I've bin de Bishop ob de Church ob Heaben dahs bin much public curosity 'bout me. I've ben circulatin' freely troo' de country, so de 'Merican nation's come to know Bishop Gregory. I ben tourin' jess now down troo' Richmond an' inter Georgy, foh de intrusts ob de Church. No, 'tain't Baptist, noh 'Piscopalian, noh Cat'olic, not none ob dat cheap stuff. It's de Church ob Heaben. It's de real thing foh soul-sabin'. John Kennard he 'riginated it. He was de fust Bishop, an' when he was run out ob town I took it up.

"De bography? Why, suhtainly; at yoh pleasure! I was bohn in South Cahlina. We was all free. No slaves eber in our family! My mother had seventeen children — an' dey all tuhned out edecated an' rich. I'm de poorest ob de lot. My sisters married men with hundreds ob dollars—I should say millions. Tree ob my brothers is conductin' colleges, two went into de ministry, but dey was assured dat dey was wasted on dat perfession an' so dey lef' it. My business? Well, you knowed me as a butler, but my real business was a chef—or I should say a confectioner. You ax de Frenchman at de Waldorf. He's heard ob Mr. Gregory! After I gib up dat perfession I practiced medicine down on Lombard Street. Kind of herb-doctor an' palm-readin' an' such like. Between times I was a barber. Principally, I tended furnaces or shoveled coal.

"Now I'm conductin' de Great Church ob Heaben in South Street an' doin' well wid it. I clear expenses. Folks call it de Wash-fut church. On holy days we wash de feet ob de saints. We beliebe in faith-cure. Dat's de reason John Kennard was run out ob town. He was conductin' a grocery stoh in de church on week-days, an' his wife got smallpox. It was a light case, so John he jes' didn't make no fuss about it, but let her go on selling coal an' soap an' de rest, an' he kep' prayin' foh her to get well. So de police come after him an' he got out de back window. She was took to de Municipal Hospital, an' I bin conductin' de services sence.

"I have a card hyah for de benefit ob de church. You stick pins in—ten cents—or five cents a pin—at yoh pleasure. No, I don't have to depend on de card business. De collections is tuk up twice Sundays, an' some days it runs up very respectable. An' offen I'm sent foh to pray foh de sick. Never goes under a quarter. Buryin's an' weddin's natchaliy comes higher. You can't expect to git a Bishop as cheap as one of dem Presidin' Elders." Peter winks and grins good-naturedly. It is to be said of him that he is always good-natured and kind. I have known him nurse a sick child for weeks. The baby was white and a pauper, but down in the poor black bishop's heart—under all the lies and swagger—were patience and tenderness like to a mother's.

Edgar Lepont Davidge is a slight, nervous young man with a mass of straight brown hair, thrown back from a thoughtful face, in which you are apt only to note the sensitive mouth and large, melancholy eyes. He dresses simply and with much taste. His coloring is that of a Creole; the courtesy of his manner is too marked for an American. If you pass him on the street you probably will take him for a Spaniard. Only the black patch in the centre of his palms betrays his secret—and Davidge always wears gloves.

"Yes," he said, "I am an Afro-American, though I believe the proportion of black blood in my veins to be but small; a few drops only. But they have given me my place among men. I tried for a long time to escape from it, and to pass as a white man—I am more of a white man than a black. But I do not try now.

"I was educated at the High School in my native city; then I went to a large university on a scholarship that I won. I was graduated third in my class. I only mention this to show that I have not failed through laziness or stupidity on my part. While I was in college my classmates were civil and friendly. I was elected to one of the literary clubs and was editor of the class paper.

"The day after I was graduated the men of my class, with whom I had lived for four years, stared at me on the street as if they were looking into the empty air. Not one of them has ever spoken to me since. I tried to get into a lawyer's office as a student, then a secretary, and at last a typewriter. It was of no use. The men were polite but decided; they all refused. I besieged the newspaper offices. Sometimes I got some of my stuff in on space in the local column. But as soon as the city editor would find out who I was it would be thrown out. Nothing I wrote went. At last my money was gone. I was willing to do any kind of work. I tried for a clerkship in railway offices, or a place as floor-walker in a big department store — it was of no use. There are thousands of decent occupations in this city by which an educated white man can earn his living: not one of them is open to me. I went one day to one of my classmates. I must have been mad that day.

"'You know me, Moore,' I said. 'You knew me for four years. I call on you to say whether I did not deserve the honors that came to me in college?'

"'Oh, certainly, Davidge,' he said. 'Of course, of course'

"'Was I honest? Was I clean in my behavior? Did you know me to do anything unbefitting a gentleman?'

"'Oh, you were all right,' he said, trying to get away. He was terribly worried.

"'Then why,' I said, 'can't I have the chance to live? I have gone out as a waiter for a month to keep from starving. Is there no better chance in this free country for me?'

"'Davidge,' he said, 'I'm sorry. But you are a nigger, you know'—and he left me.

Edgar Lepont Davidge

Kreesby

Bishop Gregory

Winny

"I never troubled him with a question again, nor anybody else.

"I earn my living now as a waiter, working for the caterers. I married a girl I had known a long time. She was educated at Hampton. We live in a little house in the 'black quarter.' It's as pretty as any home in Philadelphia. Cora has her piano and her window-boxes for flowers. No better dressed lady walks Walnut Street. She can copy any costume of Doucet's on sight!" His eyes shone. He laughed a little. Then he rose. "Is that all? You'll be kind enough not to mention my real name? My employer wouldn't like my complaining. He'd discharge me. I can't afford to lose my job—with Cora and the children at home."

A year or two ago I was a passenger on a jolty little railway—one of the feeders of the Plant system. It creeps along the edge of the Everglades—that great body of land in Florida which is given over to monstrous vegetable growths, to beasts of prey, to vipers and to pestilence. No man ever has explored that region or mapped it out. There it is, in the midst of busy, jolly America, mysterious as Thibet in Asia, shut in to silence and death.

The train stopped in a little hamlet made up of the station-house, a cottage and a few wretched one-roomed shanties, each set upon piles of logs. Underneath the pigs rooted in mud and unimaginable filth. Half a dozen black men lounged in the doorways, gaping at the train.

"They're the offscouring of the phosphate mines," said Pratt, the conductor, a lean, sharp-eyed little man. "Work a day an' lay off a week. That's their principles. Hi, you Kreesby! Get off that siding!"

Kreesby was a large, black negro who was squatted on the track, eating a fried fish. He tore it with his fingers and dropped the bits, dripping with grease, into his huge open mouth. His lips lay like slabs of fat on the heavier layers of fat that made up his face and jowl. He did not seem to understand Pratt, and tore his fish and gorged until the train moved down and was almost upon him, when he turned over into the mud and squatted there, still tearing and gorging.

Pratt had a migrating shop on the train—a common feature on these little railways. He sold pounds of sugar and tobacco to the negroes in the hamlets through which he passed.

A young white woman came up and bought a package of biscuit from him. She was small, and very neat in her blue gown and white collar and cuffs, and she had kind eyes and a sweet, merry smile. She had a baby in her arms.

"That's the station master's wife," said Pratt. "Married a year ago. He couldn't have done better."

She crossed the road, going into a little cottage which had white curtains in the windows and a yellow jasmine over the porch.

As she passed Kreesby, his sore, red eyes were fixed on her. He pulled himself up, and followed her for a step or two. Then the train puffed away out of sight.

It was more than a year when I took the same journey again. The shanties were as filthy as ever, the mud as deep. Back of the hamlet lay the dark, silent swamp.

Pratt again was busy with his packages, cheerful and sharp-tongued.

"There was a pretty little woman here last year," I said. "I don't see her."

He looked at me without speaking for a minute. "She—died," he said. "The company moved her husband down the road. He couldn't stay here after that."

The train began to pull out.

"D'ye see them three trees across the road?" he said. "Two niggers was hung on them trees with no talk of trial. The third got off—the worst of the gang. Sort o' idiot."

"Was his name Kreesby?" I asked.

"Yes, Kreesby. He went into the swamp. He's there now. But she—died, luckily."

Winny was a skillful cook of the old Virginia type. She was a very black negro, with the flat nose and thick lips of her race, but the high forehead and sane, kind eyes which you find in the descendants of the Congo stock. She carried herself with much dignity, and when racked with pain in her last days never demeaned herself by groans.

"Dah's nothing to write about me, honey. I was cook foh my people down in Maryland till de wah broke dem all up. I stayed an' cooked for dem jes de same; I was free, but you don't suppose I was goin' trapsein' troo de country wid dem poh no 'count niggahs? I went on livin' wid old Mist' an' Miss Fanny an' Doctah John. Yoh've heard of him? Well, I thought de whole country know'd *him!* Why, when he was young he went to study in London an' dem strange countries, an' such was his skill dat dey begged him to stay an' be deir doctah. Ole Mist' tole me 'bout it. But he said: 'No, not foh any money. He'd come lib wid his own people.' An' he did, goin' up an' down de country-side foh fifty year', curin' folks, always jokin' an' laughin'. Oh, I knowed Doctah John well! He died three year' ago. An' when old Mist' put up de monyment foh him, all ob us cullahed folks come to her an' said: 'Let us have a hand in dat monyment. He was our friend, too!' So we all give—one a dollah, an' one five cents, or a dime—wid full hearts. An' dah's dat big, white stone on de ribah side—anybody kin see it goin' up an' down de Jeems, an' on it: 'Doctah John—from his people.'

"Den old Mist' she passed away, an' Miss Fanny she doan' keep house no moah. So Winny's got to go out cookin'. You seen dat gentleman dat calls hyah every two weeks? Dat's Miss Fanny's husband. Dere my people. Dey comes to look after me, reglah. If I'm sick dey takes keer ob me. Lah's sakes! Dese young niggahs! Dey's so cocky wid deir learnin' an' freedom. Dey's got no people! But I has got 'em, tank God!"

A few weeks later Winny broke down. "Her people" took her away and cared for her tenderly, until she, too, went on to find Doctah John and ole Mist'.

Japan After the War

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

Victory of Arms the Prelude to a Greater Struggle for Trade Throughout the East

UNTIL recently, Japan has never been taken seriously. Now it is the country upon which the gaze of the world is centred, the nation whose deeds and utterances are discussed almost to the exclusion of other topics. Japan is a little country manifestly playing for big things, and seems destined to attain them; but to speak of her as a "world power" is extravagantly untrue. After the capitulation of Port Arthur and the destruction of Rojestvensky's fleet, half the newspapers of America and England bristled with the phrases "world power," "first-class power," and the like, when to have called Japan a good fighter would have been precisely descriptive.

Within a decade Japan has conquered China with her millions, and defeated, in a manner without parallel in brilliant warfare, what was regarded a great power of northern Europe. But neither victory conferred title upon Japan as a great power. History affords no evidence that a nation has attained to lasting greatness through the agency of the sword; there is, on the contrary, the pathetic story of the empire of Napoleon, dazzling for a time, but collapsing eventually like a house of cards.

Japan is aware that excessive employment of superlatives imparts nothing helpful in placing her upon a basis of permanent security, and it is a matter of observation that the person who fights well does little else. Does Japan hope to become powerful, and take high place in the family of nations, for no other reason than the possession of military prowess? If the answer could be echoed from Tokyo and Yokohama it would be "No, a thousand times, no!"

It may truthfully be said of Japan that her humane conduct of the campaign, her treatment of prisoners, and the magnanimous abstention from rejoicing over victories, earned almost universal approval. These are among the small things that stamp a people. For months past, whenever peace was suggested by any statesman representing a neutral government, convinced that prolongation of hostilities could not affect the outcome, the Japanese always signified with promptness their willingness to sheathe the sword. These facts become illuminative to the impartial investigator seeking to determine whether Japan's ascendency is merited and will be advantageous to human progress.

The fact cannot be gainsaid that a great force is rising in that portion of Asia washed by the Pacific, a force that in a few years may become dominant in Oriental politics and commerce. But the defeat of the Czar's armies and fleets by the Japanese should be taken only as an earnest of what is to follow. Japan has much to achieve before she becomes a power, either "great" or "first-class." It requires no clairvoyance to see that five years from now she will be a factor for the good of the world—to record this opinion is but common justice.

To prosecute the war and finance the Japanese Government in other directions, approximately $588,000,000 has been consumed; and the fact that but a fraction of this was wasted and none diverted by processes of "graft," places the Japs upon a lofty pedestal as examples to the rest of mankind. Before the outbreak of hostilities the public debt was $282,000,000. It is now, consequently, $870,000,000. Can this be considered a serious burden? Coming in great measure as the price of their awakening, it may more readily be made effective by the Japanese people as a stimulant than as a deterrent, for Japan has acquired qualities that cannot be gauged in figures—ambition and aroused energy.

Japan's Well-Filled Cash-Box

THE pro rata public indebtedness amounts to only $18.51. That of the United States, fast diminishing, is $10.93 per person; but every subject of Great Britain dwelling in the United Kingdom bears a bonded indebtedness of $91.80, and every citizen of France $151.70. It is fair comment that if a nation has no debt it likewise has no commerce, and amounts to but little in world affairs; and that whether a debt be burdensome or otherwise depends upon the character of the people. To the sons of New Japan, with conflict ended and a career of industry entered upon, a pro rata obligation of $18.51 will be the merest bagatelle.

Japan's cash-box is well stocked by reason of the recent four and a half per cent. loan. In Tokyo it was admitted that this latest bond issue in America, England and Germany was unnecessary; but it was deemed wise to take advantage of market conditions to secure at a low rate a fund with which to pay off internal obligations, that there might be money in the country to develop industries immediately the war terminates. While the gross indebtedness of Japan may not be reduced for many years, its weight upon the people may readily be lightened by redemptions and conversions in the next four or five years. As the country's credit strengthens, the rate of interest on borrowings automatically decreases. There is no longer need for paying six per cent. for financial aid, and there will consequently be numerous funding operations in the future. It is a fact that Japan has debentures upon which capital was secured for early railway construction still paying ten per cent. interest. When these mature, new loans may be substituted at home upon a five per cent. basis, and possibly lower. In a word, Japan's financial position is extremely sound, and she will carry easily her existing debt.

Whatever the indemnity from Russia, its payment is certain to spread over a term of years. It will place Japanese bonds in a position of enviable soundness, no doubt. As a rule, war indemnities accomplish little for victorious nations beyond reëstablishing their credit, and are rarely completed in the same generation with the conflict. It would be unfortunate for the cause of peace if a conquering nation received its indemnity in spot cash, as successful pugilists are supposed to do on leaving the roped arena.

Japan's greatest asset unquestionably is the energy of her people, aroused now to an inordinate degree by success in two wars, and the fact that they are shrewd enough to perceive that there can be victories greater than those of arms. This energy is further accentuated as a national resource by the imitative power of the people, their remarkable industry, willingness to toil for a low wage, and ability to live on an inexpensive diet of rice and fish.

A Country Athirst for Western Knowledge

THE Mikado's subjects demand no luxury of food, dress or home surrounding; they have no dissipations that absorb an undue amount of time or money, and the percentage of adults who may be described as belonging to the idle class—through affluence, indolence or disability—is probably the smallest in the world. There are not ten great fortunes in the land. A Japanese home, sheltering a family, costs no more to own than the rent of a laborer's house in this country. These facts consolidate into a concrete quality of definite security value. It was the best security back of America's and England's loans to the Japanese Government, aggregating $360,000,000—not a "quick asset," like railways, docks and public buildings, but something of the highest conceivable importance, nevertheless.

The custom of speaking of our friends of the Island Empire as "the little Japanese" is a fault that should be promptly mended. Japan is small, it is true, but the people are numerous to the point of wonderment. Consequently, it can do no harm to memorize these facts: That Japan has an area actually 27,000 square miles greater than the British Isles, and 5,000,000 more inhabitants; in other words, the population of Japan is 47,000,000, while that of Great Britain and Ireland is but 42,000,000. That Japan's population exceeds that of France by nearly 9,000,000, of Italy by 15,000,000, and of Austro-Hungary by 500,000. That outside of Asia there are but three countries in all the world with greater populations than Japan—Russia, the United States and Germany.

It is the judgment of many who have studied the Japanese at close range that they are endowed with attributes of mind and body which make them equal, man for man, with the people of America and of Great Britain. Asiatic though they are, it will be unwise to permit the brain to become clogged with the idea that they are "Asiatics" in the popular acceptance of the word. The Japan of the present is the antithesis of "Asiatic," and the Japan of the near future promises to be a country to be best measured by Western standards.

The Japanese are athirst for knowledge, and impatient for the time to arrive when the world will estimate them at their intellectual value, and forget to speak of them as the little "yellow" men of the East. This is manifested to a visitor many times a day. Their greatest craving is to know English, not merely well enough to carry on trade advantageously, but to read understandingly books that deal with the moderate sciences, and other works generally benefiting. Yokohama and Tokyo possess a score of establishments where practically every important volume of instruction, whether it be English or American, is reproduced in inexpensive form and widely sold. For many years English has been taught in Japan's schools, but thousands of boys and men in cities and towns are each year acquiring the language by study in odd hours.

Examine the dog-eared pamphlet in the hands of the lad assisting in the shop where you are purchasing something, and you are almost certain to find it an elementary English book. Merchants know English well, as a rule; but with many of them the desire for knowledge is not satisfied with the acquisition of English—they desire to know other languages. In Yokohama I know a merchant of importance whose English is so good that one is drawn to inquire where he learned it. The answer will be that he studied at odd hours at home and when not serving customers. And the visitor may further be informed by this man that he is also studying German and French. A teacher of German goes to his house at six o'clock each morning and for two hours drills him in the language. Then, in the evening, after a long day spent at business, a French teacher instructs him in the graceful language of France. And this merchant is but a type of thousands of Japanese who are daily garnering knowledge.

It is a pleasing incident for the visitor from America to read of a meeting in the Japanese capital of the local Yale Alumni Association—quite as pleasing as to see baseball played in every vacant field convenient to a large town. Returning schoolboys have carried the game home to their companions, and in the voyage across the Pacific it has lost none of its fine points. For thirty years and longer the Japs have been learning English with the industry of beavers. And ambition has been responsible for this, the dogged determination to be somebody, and the patriotic wish to see Japan stand with the progressive nations of the earth. The power to keep such a people down does not exist. Preparation is a subject never absent from the thoughts of the Japanese. It was preparation that gave them victory after victory over the creatures of the Czar. Now they are preparing for a brilliant career in trade and commerce.

New Conditions and New Wants

TO SPEAK in strict honesty of Japan's natural resources, one must admit that they are disappointingly few. Perhaps no country is less promising agriculturally, unless it be Norway or Greece. The arable soil of the Mikado's empire is sorely limited, for it aggregates something less than sixteen per cent. of an area about equal to that of the State of California. Much of the country's surface is denied to cultivation by mountains and volcanic tracts. The valleys and bottom lands spreading from the foothills to the coast are absorbed in rice culture, and provide the bulk of the staple of the people. If the rice crop might be sent to market it would produce $200,000,000 each year. But no food crop can be raised for export; and with the conformation here indicated, there can be little room for

forests or grazing land for flocks and herds. To afford sustenance to the inhabitants of Japan it was necessary last year to purchase from other countries upward of $47,000,000 worth of food supplies, mainly rice and sugar. With thoughtful Japanese it is a saddening fact that the soil of their country is not able to feed the fast increasing population, for it is admitted that if the sea were not compelled to contribute generously to the nation's needs there would be hunger in the land.

The requirements of the Japanese are growing at a rate outstripping the ratio of increase of population, for the adoption of Western ideas has carried with it many added tastes. The native of twenty years ago might subsist on what his country gave him, but not so the subject of the Japan of the armored battleship and soldier whose genius halts the advance of a mighty European nation. This modern must have hundreds of articles that his forefathers never dreamed of. Incidentally, he wants yearly three hundred thousand tons of sugar, a half million bales of cotton, thousands of tons of wool, besides cargoes of flour and petroleum, and he produces none of them, or next to none. The rousing of a people from the sleep of centuries creates new situations which perplex great minds.

"If Japan were blessed with deposits of coal and iron," you remark to a native statesman, perceiving the extraordinary industry of the masses, "her development after the war might be rapid."

"We have both," insists the patriotic Japanese.

Acknowledging that England's strength has secure basis in her iron and coal, and aware that America's richness in these staggers comprehension, you go in quest of the facts as they exist. But you discover that only technically can Japan be included in the list of coal and iron producing nations. She has a fair supply of good bituminous coal, that is clean to handle, produces great heat, and is used by Japanese commercial and Government vessels; but the market for it elsewhere has to compete with Chinese and Indian coals. It is Nagasaki and Kobe opinion that the supply may last two hundred years. Were it mined on the scale of English or American coal it would probably be exhausted in a generation. To meet last year's abnormal demand, coal was raised to the value of $8,000,000, a sum exceeding slightly the value of all other minerals produced in the twelve months. With endless water power, and processes of converting this into electricity, there will be an abundance of inexpensive energy always in Japan.

The country can never be an important producer of iron. The greatest efforts have been made to develop the industry in the province of Rikuchuu, but unattended with success. At a cost in excess of its market value, a paltry 18,000 tons of iron was smelted last year; and the only important steel works in Japan, fostered by the Government, has failed through the necessity of bringing pig iron from China. A plausible rumor obtains in official Tokyo that the Government is not to abandon its effort to force success in iron and steel making; and in responsible quarters the assertion is made that a long lease has been secured on an important ore tract in China, the product of which will blend advantageously with Mexican or Californian hematite. And further, Japan is said already to have secured in Manchuria a seam of coal fifty feet in thickness, covered by a few feet of soil, that is contiguous to transportation, and that cannot be exhausted for centuries.

The investigator whose verdict should possess no bias is obliged to say that the prospect of Japanese prosperity through mineral production at home is but little more encouraging than through agriculture. Experience has many times demonstrated that iron and steel are profitably produced only when deposits of coal and ore are fairly close neighbors. For two thousand years Japan has been a producer of copper in a moderate way, and the mining of that metal is carried on at present with some profit. Since the outbreak of hostilities, gold mining has been encouraged by the Government, to aid the specie-reserve fund. Including the yield of the island of Formosa, Japan has produced in gold about $7,000,000 in the past year.

In what manner, then, may the aroused Jap, poor in everything but ambition and enterprise, create for his beloved country a position of security in the fast-rushing, selfish world? He knows the hopelessness of agriculture, and is likewise aware that other natural resources of his land are unlikely to yield a competence. He must do something immediately the war ends, for it is now or never with the Jap, and he is aware of this. His craving to be admitted into permanent brotherhood with progressive nations, and the necessity to achieve a career of profitable usefulness for his beloved Nippon, make a force as uncontrollable as that of Niagara.

A New Era for a New Japan

THE day that peace is made certain between Russia and Japan will mark a new era in the Mikado's empire, for that day will begin seriously the work of upbuilding Japan. Manufacturing and trade conquest are to be united in a campaign enlisting the coöperation of every patriotic subject. The Japanese of the immediate future are to be manufacturers, carrying the articles of their fabrication to Asiatic markets in their own vessels; and this they will do as effectively as they fought. Five years hence the world will see in Japan a country wherein the whirr of machinery will remind one of New England, and the construction of ships suggest the Clyde or Mersey. Japan's program is an elaborate one, but it will succeed, for it is the creation of the Mikado's Government. The last borrowing of $150,000,000—not required for war purposes, obviously—was probably the commencement of operations in the campaign that is to convert Japan into a vast workshop.

There are two countries which the Japanese look upon with admiration and envy, the United States and England; and for thirty years they have been assiduously studying the commercial methods of both. Painfully aware of the narrowness of Nature's gifts in their own land, the Japs turn now to England as a nation to be patterned from. They know that England long ago forsook agriculture for manufacturing, and that the great industrial communities have been built up at the expense of the farms. The Japanese are aware that the energies of the country, years ago devoted to agriculture, are now given over to the iron and shipbuilding and textile industries; and that the English people find it more profitable to run a workshop for the universe and buy their food from abroad with the product of their manufacturing. Herein is the text of the New Japan. Any visitor to the Japanese capital may divine it; and, if minghng with men of finance and shipping, he would know it. The anticipation of events is admittedly a trait of the Japanese character; and a few months hence America and Europe may marvel at Japan's preparation for a commercial propaganda, as they did at her preparedness for war. The Japanese have an acute sense of fact, let it be borne in mind, and do nothing from impulse.

It is no more than fair to Japanese astuteness to assume that the program of Japan's intentions is familiar to every representative of the Mikado's Government in commercial Europe and America. The Japanese Minister at London, Viscount Hyashi, talked very close to something in his mind when saying to an interviewer that "Japan's greater proximity to China proper and to Manchuria will enable her to secure trade on exceptionally favorable terms; and the Japanese surely are not to be blamed if they happen to be geographically well placed for trading in their immediate neighborhood."

And at a public dinner in New York, Consul-General Uchida gave evidence of familiarity with the program when he said: "We are going to adopt American methods of making money; we like to use American machinery, and we find your cotton the best in the world. We expect a great industrial and commercial boom as soon as the war is over. We will then have to make up the expenses of the war in industries, and for that purpose we must import American machinery and raw materials."

The words of the diplomatist in London join perfectly with those of the consular official in America. They sum up Japan's policy in a line. She is to commercialize China and Manchuria with an endless variety of goods manufactured from American raw materials by American machinery. No program could be simpler. One of Japan's greatest statesmen, a member of several ministries, hesitates not to say that it offers the shortest possible cut to prosperity. "Remember," he insists, "that we are justified in emulating the United States, for is not Japan her god-child?"

In a very few years Japan may be spinning a third of the cotton worn by the millions of Asia—this is the ambition, at least, of powerful Japanese capitalists. And the idea is by no means chimerical, when it is known that Japan ceased three or four years since to purchase cotton save in a raw state. America had formerly a good customer in Japan for cotton fabrics. Now she buys the cotton from us by the bale, spins and weaves for her own use, and sends to China and Korea cloth and cotton yarns to an enormous extent. The value of the cotton yarn spun last year in Japan was $47,000,000, and next year it may be nearly twice as much.

There is so much logic in selecting cotton-spinning for a great Japanese industry that one is led to speculate as to the permanence of the business in England. Japanese labor is as good as British, and cheaper, and Japan has the markets of Asia almost at her door. Easily can she secure the trade of China, and in time she may invade India itself with her "Manchester goods." If so, it will be unfortunate for Manchester, for the Japs will enjoy certain advantages over British spinners. The escaping of Suez Canal charges might be sufficient to give Japan a considerable control of the Indian market. Japan desires an industry that may become national in its ramifications. Natural and economic conditions are making this the cotton industry.

A fruit of Japan's victory is the silencing of Russian disapproval of her aspirations in Korea, and she is left in a position of influence amounting to dictatorship over this peninsula. As the military campaign progressed, yielding with each event a measure of success to Japan, the Government of the Mikado kept pace by tightening with every victory its hold on the political affairs of the hermit country.

So dominant is Japan's sway at Seoul that Korea might be the vassal of Japan. Japanese diplomatists guide the Korean policy and Japanese officers direct military affairs. Korea's representatives abroad, many of them, have been called home, for Japan is willing to look after the foreign interests of her neighbor gratuitously.

Japan can derive immeasurable benefit from her ward, for Korea offers a solution to the troublous problem of ever-increasing population and lack of foodstuffs. The hermit kingdom, amazingly rich in agriculture, richer still in mineral wealth, and but sparsely settled, presents a tempting opportunity, for the possession of the country seems indispensable to Japan's play for greatness.

And when the dispersing smoke of war reveals a bruised and neglected Manchuria, it will be discovered that Japan possesses sufficient influence at Peking to secure privileges for exploiting a vast section of southern Manchuria—and Manchuria is as prodigal in natural resources as Korea. Count Okuma, thrice premier of Japan, has an alluring scheme for "colonial development" in Manchuria and Korea, an item of which is to make Manchuria compete with Germany as a beet-sugar producer by means of Japanese energy.

Five years hence Japan will industrially be well-to-do; ten years hence, industrially affluent as well as politically powerful. And ten years is not long for a busy nation to wait, when the reward earned is the undisputed position of a World Power—to a country immersed in business, ten years is like a day in a man's life

The Wood Fire in Number Three

By F. Hopkinson Smith

Murphy and Lonnegan Introduce Some Mysterious Characters

"A Woman at the Next Table Turned Her Head and Fastened Her Eyes Upon Him"

THE old building was being treated to a sensation—the first of the winter—or rather the first of the spring, for the squatty Japanese bowl standing on top of Mac's mantel was already filled with pussy-willows which the great man had himself picked on one of his strolls under the Palisades.

Strange things were going on downstairs. Outside on the street curb stood a darky in white cotton gloves; in the main door stood another, the two connected by a red carpet laid across the sidewalk; at the end of the dingy corridor stood a third, and inside the room on the right a fourth and fifth—all in white gloves and all bowing like salaaming Hindus to a throng of people in smart toilettes.

Woods was having a tea!

The portrait of Miss B. J.—in a leghorn hat and feathers, one hand on her chin, her pet dog in her lap—was finished, and the B. J's were assisting Woods' aunt and Woods in celebrating that historical event. The function being an exclusive one, all the details were perfect: there were innumerable candles sputtering away in improvised holders—twisted iron, china and dingy brass—the grease running down the sides of their various ornaments; there were burning joss-sticks; loose heaps of bric-à-brac which looked as if they had been thrown pellmell together, but which it had taken Woods hours to group; there were combinations of partly screened lights falling on pots of roses; easels draped in stuffs; screens hung with Japanese and Chinese robes; divans covered with rugs and nested with green and yellow cushions—and last, but by no means least, there was the counterfeit presentment of the young girl who held court on the divan surrounded by an admiring group of admirers, some of whom declared that the likeness was perfect, others that it did not do her justice, and still another—this time an art critic—who said, under his breath, that the dog was the only thing on the canvas that looked alive.

Upstairs, before his wood fire, sat MacWhirter, with only Marny and me to keep him company. He never went to teas—didn't believe in mixing paint with society.

"Better shut the door, hadn't I?" said Mac. "Those joss-sticks smell like an opium joint." And he began shifting the screen. "Hello, Lonnegan! That you?"

"That's me, Mac," answered the architect in a cheery tone. "Are you moving house?"

"No, trying to get my breath. Did you ever smell anything worse than that heathen punk Woods is burning?"

"You ought to get a whiff of it inside his studio," answered Lonnegan. "Got every window tight shut, the room darkened and jammed with people. Came near getting my clothes torn off wedging myself in and out," Lonnegan continued, readjusting his scarf, pulling up the collar of his Prince Albert coat and tightening the gardenia in his buttonhole. "You're going down, Mac, aren't you?"

"No—going to stay right here; so is Marny and the Colonel."

"Woods won't like it."

"Can't help it. Woods ought to have better sense than to turn his studio upside down for a lot of people that don't know a Velasquez from an Old Oaken Bucket chromo. Art is a religion, not a Punch and Judy show. Whole thing is vulgar. Imagine Rembrandt showing his Night Watch for the first time to the rag-tag and bobtail of Antwerp, or Titian making a night of it over his Ascension. Sacrilege, I tell you—this mixing up of ice cream and paint—makes a farce of a high calling and a mountebank of the painter! If we are put here for anything in this world it is to show our fellow-sinners something of the beauty we see and they can't—not to turn clowns for their amusement."

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, each complete in itself, but all told beside The Wood Fire in No. 3. The next story will appear in an early number.

Boggs and Murphy—the Irish journalist had long since become a full member—had entered and stood listening to Mac's harangue.

"Land o' Moses! Whew!" burst out the Chronic Interrupter. "What's the matter with you, Mac? You never were more mistaken in your life! You sit up here and roast yourself over the fire and you don't know what's going on outside. Woods is all right; he's got his living to make and his studio rent to pay, and his old aunt is as strong as a three-year-old and may live to be ninety. If these people want ice cream fed to them out of oil cups and want to eat it with palette knives, let 'em do it. That don't make the picture any worse. You saw it: it's a bully good portrait—fifty times better looking than the girl, and has some ripping things in it—shadow tones under the hat and the brush-work on the gown are 'way up' in G. Don't you think so, Lonnegan?"

"Yes—best thing Woods has done—but Mac is partly right about the jam downstairs. Half of them didn't know Woods when they came in—one woman asked me if I was he, and when I pointed him out, beaming away, she said: 'What! that little bald-headed fellow with a red face? And is that the picture? Why, I *am* surprised!'"

"Of course she was," exploded Mac. "What she expected to see was a six-legged goat, or a cow with two tails."

Jack Sterling's head was now thrust over the Chinese screen. Jack had been south for half the winter, and his genial face was the signal for a prolonged shout of welcome.

"Yes, that's me," Jack cried in answer. "Got home this morning. Almighty glad to see you fellows! Mac, old man, you look more like old John Gilbert grown young than ever—getting another chin on you. Lonny! Shake, old fellow. Hello, Boggs; you're fat enough to kill! Mr. Murphy, glad to see you—heard you had been given a chair by Mac's fire. Oh, biggest joke on me, fellows, you ever heard! I stopped in at Woods' tea party a few minutes ago. Lord! what a jam! And hot! Well, Florida is a refrigerator to it. Struck a pretty girl—French, I think—pretty as a picture—big hat, gown fitting like a glove, eyes, mouth, teeth—well! You remember Christine, don't you, Mac?"—and he winked meaningly at our host. "Same type, only a trifle stouter. She wanted to know how old one of Woods' tapestries was, and where one of his embroideries came from, and I got her off on a divan and we were having a beautiful time, when an old lady came up and called me off, and whispered in my ear that I ought to know that my charmer was her own dressmaker, who was looking up new costumes and ——"

"Fine! Glorious!" shouted Mac. "That's something like! That's probably the only honest guest Woods has. I hope, Jack, you went right back to her and did your prettiest to entertain her."

"I tried to, but she had skipped. Give me a pipe, Mac. Lord, fellows, but it's good to get back! You'll find this a haven of rest, Mr. Murphy." And Jack laid his hand on the Irishman's knee.

"It's the only place that fits me shoulders and warms me heart, anyhow," answered Murphy. "It's good of you to let me in. You live so fast over here that a little cranny like this, where you can get out of the rush, is a God-send. Your adventure downstairs with the dressmaker, Mr. Sterling, reminds me of what happened at one of our great London houses last winter, and which is still the social mystery of London."

Boggs waved his hand to command attention. His friend Murphy's yarns were the hit of the winter. "Listen, Jack," he said in a lower tone. "They are all brand new and he tells 'em like a master. Nobody can touch him. Draw up, Pitkin." The sculptor had just come in from Woods' tea.

"We have the same thing in England to fight against that you have here," continued the Irishman. "Our studios and private exhibitions are blocked up with people who are never invited—hardest thing to keep them out. The incident I refer to occurred in one of those great London houses on Grosvenor Square, occupied that winter by Lord and Lady Arbuckle—a dingy, smoky, grime-covered old mansion, with a green-painted door, flower-boxes in the windows, and a line of daisies and geraniums fringing the rail of the balcony above.

"There the Arbuckles gave a series of dinners or entertainments that were the talk of London—not so much for their magnificence as for the miscellaneous lot of people Lady Arbuckle would gather together in her drawing-rooms. If somebody from Vienna had discovered microbes in raspberry jam, off went an invitation to the distinguished professor to dine or be received and shaken hands with. Savants with big foreheads, hollow eyes and shabby clothes; sunburned soldiers from the Soudan; fat composers from Leipsic; long-haired painters from Munich; Indian princes in silk pajamas and Kohinoors, were all run to cover, caught and let loose at the Arbuckles' Thursdays in Lent, or had places under their mahogany. Old Arbuckle let it go on without a murmur. If Catherine liked that sort of thing—why, that was the sort of thing that Catherine liked He would preside at the head of the table in his white choker and immaculate shirt front and do the honors of the house. Occasionally, when Parliament was not sitting, he would stroll through the drawing-rooms, shake hands with those he knew and return the salaams or stares of those he did not.

"On this particular night there was to be an imposing list of guests, the dinner being served at eight-thirty sharp. Not only was the Prime Minister expected, but a special collection of social freaks had been invited to meet him, including Prince Pompernetski of the Imperial Guards—who turned out afterward to be a renegade Pole and a swindler; the Rajah of Bramapootah—a waddling Oriental who always brought his Cayenne pepper with him in the pocket of his embroidered pajamas; one or two noble lords and their wives, some officers and a scattering of lesser lights—twenty-two in all.

"At eight-twenty the carriages began to arrive, the bobby on the beat regulating the traffic; the guests stepping out upon a carpet a little longer and wider than the one Mr. Woods has laid over the sidewalk downstairs.

"Once inside the guests were taken in charge by a line of flunkeys—the women to a cloakroom on the right, the men to a basement room on the left—where 'Chawles' handed each man an envelope containing the name of the lady he was to take out to dinner and a diagram designating the location of his seat at his host's table.

"By eight-twenty-five all the guests had arrived except General Sir John Catnall and Lady Catnall, who had passed thirty years of their life in India and who had reached London but the night before, where they were met by one of Lady Arbuckle's notes inviting them to dinner to meet the Prime Minister. That the dear woman had never laid eyes on the Indian exiles and would not know either of them had she met them on her sidewalk made no difference to her. The butler, in announcing their names, would help her over this difficulty as he had done a hundred times before. That the short notice might prevent their putting in an appearance was also immaterial. She knew her London well enough to know that Prime Ministers were not met with every day, even in the best of houses.

At eight-thirty the two missing guests arrived—Sir John sun-baked to the color of a coolie, and Lady Catnall not much better off so far as her complexion was concerned. The climate had evidently done its work. Their queerly-cut clothes, too, showed how long they had been out of London.

With their announcement by the flunkey, who bawled out their names so indistinctly that nobody caught them, not even Lady Arbuckle, the guests marched out to dinner, Lord Arbuckle leading with the wife of the Prime Minister; Lady Arbuckle bringing up the rear with the Rajah, without that lady having the dimmest idea as to whether all her guests were present or not.

"Sir John found himself next to a Roumanian woman who had spent three-quarters of her life in Persia; and Lady Catnall sat beside a bald-headed scientist from Berlin, who spoke English as if he was cracking nuts. None of the four had ever heard of the others' existence.

"The dinner was the usual deadly dull affair. The Prime Minister smiled and beamed over his high collar and emitted platitudes that anybody could print without getting the faintest idea of his meaning; and the Rajah peppered and eat with hardly a word of any kind to the lady next him, who talked incessantly, the scientist jabbered German, completely ignorant of the fact that Lady Catnall could not understand a word of what he said, while the other great personages—especially the women—looked through their lorgnettes and studied the menagerie.

"When the port had been served and the ladies had risen to leave the men to their cigars, Sir John Catnall conducted the Roumanian-Persian combination to the drawing-room door, clicked his heels, bent his back in salaam, and, with a certain anxious look on his face, hurried back to the dining-room. There, seeing the seat next Lord Arbuckle temporarily empty, he slid into it, laid his bronzed hand on his host's thin, white, blue-veined wrist, and said in a voice trembling with suppressed emotion:

"'We got your wife's note and came at once, although our boxes are still unpacked. I could hardly get through the dinner I have been so anxious, but we arrived so late I could not ask your wife—indeed you were already moving in to dinner when your man announced us. I am in London, as you know, to consult an oculist for my sight, which is greatly impaired, and he called professionally just as I was leaving my lodgings.' Then, bending close to Lord Arbuckle, he asked in a voice tremulous with emotion: 'Tell me now about Eliza; is she really as badly off as your wife thinks?'

"Arbuckle had learned one thing during his long life with Catherine—never, as you Americans say, to 'give her away.' The identity of the partly blind, sunburned man with half a cataract over each eye, who was gazing at him so intently, awaiting an answer from his lips, was as much of a mystery to him as was the particular malady with which the unknown Eliza was afflicted, or the contents of his wife's letter. Yet instantly Lord Arbuckle's face took on a grave and serious expression.

"'Yes,' he answered slowly; 'yes, I regret to say that it is all true.'

"'Great Heavens!' ejaculated the stranger. 'You don't say so! Terrible! Terrible!' And without another word he arose from his seat, tarried for a moment at the mantel gazing into the coals, and then slowly rejoined the ladies.

"When the last guest had departed, Arbuckle, who had been smothering a fire of indignation over the stranger's inquiry and at the uncomfortable position in which his wife had placed him, owing to her never consulting him about her guests or her correspondence, shut the door of the drawing-room so the servants could not hear and burst out with:

"'What d——d nonsense it is, Catherine, to invite people who bore you to death with questions you can't answer! Who the devil is Eliza, and what's the matter with her?'

"'Who wanted to know, my dear?'

"'That badly-dressed, red-faced person who sat halfway down the table next to that frightful frump in a turban from Persia?'

"'I don't know any Eliza!'

"'But you said you did.'

"'I said I did?'

"'Yes, he told me so—you wrote him! Now be good enough, Catherine, to let me know in advance whenever you ——'

"'But I never told anybody about Eliza—never heard of her.'

"'You did, I tell you! You told that fellow who winks all the time, with some beastly thing the matter with his eyes.'

"'You mean Sir John Catnall? The man who came in just as we were going in to dinner. That is, I suppose it was he. Barton told me we were waiting for him.'

"'Yes. He said he was late.'

"Out Dropped Two Twenty-Pound Bank of England Notes"

"'And he told you ——' Here the door opened and the butler entered for her ladyship's orders for the night.

"'Barton, whom did you announce last?'

"'I didn't catch the name, your ladyship—quite.'

"'Was it Sir John Catnall and Lady Catnall?'

"'No, your ladyship; something that began with B.'

"'Are you sure it was not "Catnall"?'

"'Quite sure, your ladyship. Sir John's man was here just after dinner was announced and left a message, your ladyship. I forgot to give it to you. He said Sir John had been out of town, and had that moment received your ladyship's note and that it was impossible for him to come to dinner. I supposed that your ladyship had known of it and had invited the gentleman and his lady who came last to take their places, and I put them in Sir John's and Lady Catnall's seats as it was marked on the diagram you gave Chawles.'

"'Just as I supposed, Catherine!' snorted Arbuckle. 'A couple of d——d impostors—one passing himself off as a blind man! Serves you right! They've carried off half the plate by this time. Bingeley lost all of his spoons and forks that way last week—he told me so in the House yesterday.'

"'Impostors! You don't think —— Barton, go down instantly and see if anything has been taken out of the cloakroom—and Barton, see if that miniature with the jewels around the frame is where I left it on the mantel—and the candlesticks —— Oh! you don't think—it can't be—Oh, dear, dear, dear!'

"Again the door opened and Barton appeared.

"'The candlesticks are all right, your ladyship, but the miniature is gone. I looked everywhere; Chawles said it was taken to your room by the maid.'

"'Ring for Prodgers at once!'

"'I have, your ladyship. Ah! Here she comes with it. And he handed the jeweled frame to his mistress.

"'Oh, I'm so thankful! You're sure nothing else is missing?'

"'No, your ladyship, but Chawles found this note on the mantel, which he says he picked up from the table after they had left.'

"Lord Arbuckle craned his head, and his wife eagerly scanned the inscription.

"On the envelope, scrawled in pencil, were the words: 'For dear Eliza.'

"Lady Arbuckle broke the seal. Out dropped two twenty-pound Bank of England notes!"

"Case of wrong house, wasn't it?" burst out Mac. "I wonder Catnall didn't find it out before dinner was over."

"Put old man Arbuckle in a bad hole," remarked Boggs. "What excuse could he make when he returned the money?"

"I'd have given that butler a dressing down," muttered Lonnegan. "He ought to have known that there was some mistake when the note arrived." Lonnegan was born without the slightest sense of humor, Boggs always said.

"Keep on guessing, gentlemen," exclaimed Murphy. "London guessed for a week and then gave it up."

"Well, but is that all?" asked Sterling.

"Every word and line. Nobody knows to this day who they were or where they came from. The flunkey on the curb said they arrived in a four-wheeler; and that when they left he had whistled to the rank at the end of the Square for a hansom, and that they both stepped in and drove off."

"And old Arbuckle still bags the money?" inquired Boggs.

"Did the last I heard."

"Did he try to find out who the fellow was?"

"No; Lady Arbuckle wouldn't let him—it would have given the whole thing away. Besides, it was Arbuckle's statement about Eliza that made the stranger give the money—rather a delicate situation—looked as if he and his wife had put up a job.

"Poor devil!" muttered Mac. "Lied to his guest, insulted his wife, and robbed some poor woman of a charity that might have restored her to health—and all because of just the same kind of idiotic foolishness that is going on downstairs at Woods' this very minute. Damnable, the whole thing!"

"I'll tell you of a case," said Lonnegan without noticing Mac's outburst, as he reached for his pipe which he had laid on the mantel, "in which not a mysterious couple like Mr. Murphy's figured, but a mysterious woman, and I know the man who was mixed up in the affair. He's a civil engineer now and lives in London—got quite a position. When I first met him he was a draftsman in one of the downtown offices—this was some fifteen years ago. He was a good-looking fellow then, about twenty-seven or eight, I should say, with a smooth-shaven face and features like a girl's, they were so regular—a handsome chap, if he was about up to your shoulders, Mac."

"What sort of a yarn is this, Lonny?" interrupted Boggs. "Got any point to it, or is it one of your long-winded things like the one you told us when you weren't murdered?"

"It's one that will make your hair stand on end," retorted the architect. "Wonder I never told you before."

"Go on, Lonny," broke in Jack Sterling. "Dry up, Boggs. He was a good-looking chap, you said, Lonny, and about up to Mac's shoulders."

"Yes, and half the size of Boggs around the waist," continued Lonnegan with a wink at MacWhirter. "The firm he was with sent him to Vienna with some plans and specifications of a big enterprise in which they were interested. He

(Continued on Page 18

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The dollar that stops rolling becomes very flat.

¶ Cleaning up tainted money is the new antiseptic game.

¶ In the case of the Panama Canal it's a long dig between oceans

¶ Turn about is unfair play and company doesn't love misery.

¶ Courtesy is an old-fashioned gentleman who is never out of fashion.

¶ Certainly, fast traveling isn't unsafe It's the sudden stopping that hurts.

¶ Any girl would rather tell her age than confess that she had never been loved

¶ A man who stands square with the world stands on the foundation of his fortune.

¶ This is the season when Baedeker yields a lot of material for next winter's sermons.

¶ Truth is not half so strange as some of the fiction about how short stories are written

¶ Vainly do the summer resort girls call to the young men that there's always room at the hop.

¶ If the fight keeps on, Graft may yet be driven back to his old occupation of shining shoes in sleeping-cars.

¶ What is the matter with Kansas? Nothing; it is all over. Jerome and Lawson have made their visits and gone home.

¶ Among the recent fads is "sanctified common-sense." It sounds like a new breakfast-food made out of the same old oatmeal.

¶ If Norway succeeds in getting republican government she should extend the policy of simplicity and knock out those surplus consonants in her proper names.

¶ With another $150,000,000 successfully placed, the Japanese have again demonstrated that they can float war loans as easily as they sank Russian ships.

The Eminent Director

WHENEVER a great enterprise that appeals in any sort to public confidence gets into conspicuous difficulty, about the first thing to be commented upon is that its list of directors or trustees contains the most eminent names. This must be so because nobody would think of launching such an enterprise unless it was duly provided with distinguished sponsors.

This power of the name plays a tremendous part in business. The amount of private investments of all sorts that are made on the strength of it must be huge. And to all but an infinitesimal fraction of the investing public the name is merely so many letters, nothing more than a sound. Not one in a thousand of those who see the name and are influenced by it know the actual man. All they know is that he is a director of such and such banks, of this and that railroad, or of one and the other trust company. It would be quite possible, by a little inside connivance, to invest with this great power of attracting public confidence the name of an indigent and inebriate bootblack—by simply electing him to a dozen important directorates, one after the other.

Now and then some brand-new name appears—shot up out of the void by a conspicuous stroke. The new name is at once seized upon. No forthcoming list of directors is complete without it. More than once it has happened that the man behind the new name was a mere skyrocket, and presently descended to earth in the form of a burnt stick. Now and then, too, an eminent name fades out. It is dropped very quietly from one list after another. Presently it develops that the possessor of this name had paresis for six years, or that he foolishly lost his own money long before. But until the fact is finally disclosed the name of the lunatic or bankrupt possesses all its original potency to inspire the general public with confidence.

The Department of Commerce and Labor might add a Bureau of Inspection of Notables, which, after due semi-annual inspection, would issue a certificate that, for example, Adam Adamson Adams is still in the flesh, reasonably sound, tolerably sober, and apparently willing and able to supervise the affairs of the twenty-seven great corporations for which he stands as sponsor.

The Ignorant Rich

IF BIG fortunes, big incomes, big houses, big extravagances in expenditure for the show and luxury that add nothing to the comfort of the possessor—however much they may add to the envy of the unthinking beholder—were proof of triumph, of "success," what a monstrous failure human society would be! For where there is one man with wealth, there are, even in America, ten thousand with only just enough for modest existence. Yet we find the rich preening themselves upon their superfluity, upon the luxury that is suffocating their minds and hearts.

It is not strange that those who have never known what it was to have enough should grossly exaggerate the importance of money. The famished man dreams not of enough to eat and drink, but of vast storehouses of food and vast rivers of water. But what of the man with the full stomach who rakes in and hoards food and looks at his hoards with greedy eyes?

It sounds like insanity, doesn't it? But it is only ignorance—and a kind of ignorance that will surely yield to education.

One Root of Evil

"MY LITTLE girl is usually very good," said a young mother. "But sometimes she's as bad as can be. It's really quite unaccountable." And then it suddenly came to her that she hadn't even tried to account for it, except on the easy theory of the natural waywardness of all flesh. She recalled that every effect must have a cause; she proceeded to scent for the effect of this particular cause.

She found, first, that many of the "quite unaccountable" naughty spells were preceded by eating candy between meals, quantities of indigestible stuff at meals—and, further, that, curiously enough, these doings also preceded such slight illnesses as the child had from time to time, and also its fits of indifference to study and to play. She found, second, that all the rest of the naughty spells were preceded by fits of moodiness of one kind or other in the child's mother.

Praise of the Club Woman

THE cause of advanced femininity has been getting it hard of late, and especially from potentates and the mightiest in the land. Cleveland has scored the club woman, Roosevelt the "pseudo-intellectual" woman, and William the Unsilent has gone so far as to say that the proper subjects of womankind are the three "C's"—church, children and cooking. A thoughtful grandam lately remarked that they might all think differently if they knew more of the woman who preceded the pseudo-intellectual-club-race-suicidist.

This, it appears, was a woman whose cooking was of the most limited range and not always digestible, whose highest social activity was the pleasant-tongued sewing-circle, and whose religion was so feverishly emotional as to break out in spots of bigotry and self-righteousness. She was speaking, it should be said, of the woman of the smaller American cities and towns; but she added that the remark might be stretched without great injustice so as to cover the sex at large. "You can't pickle a woman's mind like onions," added this worthy elder; "and so she might just as well copy out addresses at the Carnegie Library to read at the Anthropological Society."

Even this does not exhaust the virtues of the advanced woman. Already she is building club-houses in which like a true disciple of Walt Whitman, she can loaf and invite her soul. When she has progressed one stage further in her cultivation of her ideal—the ideal of man, proud man—she will have clubs in which, before loafing, she will be able to check her soul with the hall-boy. The rich and the fashionable of New York are already building such a club, which, with an extraordinary lack of historical perspective, they call the Colonial Club. It is to have a gymnasium, squash courts, and a bathing pool. The cooking, like the Chevalier Bayard, is to be not only above fear, but above reproach. The library is to be a solitary waste. Conversation is to be limited to words of one syllable. Personalities are to be restricted to amiable satire, or, at the worst, to subacid irony. When the true history of Woman is written its subtitle will be "From the Sewing-Circle to the Man's Club."

Alice in Moral Land

PRESIDENT HALL, of Clark University, has frowned a mighty frown at Alice. Those adventures in Wonderland "neither represent the true child, nor appeal to real interest." They are "mental confectionery, and not mental food." They should be ruled out of public libraries. "There is only one standard that ought always to be supreme for the reading of the young, and that is moral improvement." This is probably sound. It is certainly more sound than sense. There was a time, in the middle of the sober reign of Victoria, when books for the young were written on President Hall's identical plan. Why, then, did he neglect the practical application of his preachment—that the youth of to-day should be nurtured on the recital of how Rollo saved fourteen cents on the journey from Paris to Rome, and how Elsie made home happy with a hairpin?

The preaching juveniles of the mid-Victorian nursery are as extinct as the dodo, and we venture the belief that they are deservedly so. The classics of maturity are full of joyous sunshine, even inconsequent fun and frolic. No critical dictum is now more generally accepted than that a dominant moral purpose is fatal to the spirit of art—the end and aim of which is not so much to assert that right is right as to show us in all its manifestations the spirit of life from which springs the moral law. If oldsters have their Falstaff and their Puck, their Scapin and their Sancho, why should youngsters not have their Alice?

It is even possible to answer our scientist according to his science. The latest biologists tell us that in all animate life the spirit of play is a powerful factor in education. Young animals, metaphorically speaking, chase their tails, and their mothers spend much time in teaching them to do so. It is the easiest and most agreeable way in which to develop their powers for the pursuit of other things, the attainment of which is more momentous. If any one doubts the amount of mental exercise which this generation had had in chasing the tale of Alice, let him note the frequency in the gravest literature of quotations from the children's classic. It is bad science the head of Clark University has been speaking, and all lovers of Alice will be moved to cry with the Red Queen: Off with its head!

The War of the Romanoffs

IT IS simply a convenient fiction to call this war upon Japan the Russian War. The Russian people neither wanted it nor caused it, nor knew anything about it. It was got up by the Romanoff family—the gang of grand dukes that uses the weak little Czar as a tool.

Why, then, should the Russian people have to pay for it? Why should not the Romanoff family itself be compelled to pay? It is rich; it is richer in actual possessions than are the Russian people.

It would make a new era in warfare if Japan should insist upon making peace with the Russian people, and not with the irresponsible and treacherous Romanoff exploiters of Russia, and should insist upon making up its war-ledger accounts with those Romanoffs directly.

Some time this use of "patriotism" as a mask for personal and private exploitation is going to be stopped. Why shouldn't the beginning be made now, when the case is so clear?

A Real American Capital

WE READ that Chicago has just found that she has a population of two millions and a quarter, and we pass on with some commonplace comment on the marvel of it. But it is a fact worth pausing over. Chicago is American in a deep sense in which no seaboard city is or ever can be. The seaboard cities represent much that is foreign. Chicago stands for the great Mississippi-Missouri Valley. It is the true capital of the true American people. Its very ugliness, like that of a mighty, incomplete work with the workmen swarming in and over it and the noise of their toil splitting the heavens, is inspiring and splendid. In its two millions and a quarter there is no vast, inert, undigested mass as there is in New York; Chicago seizes upon its newcomers as the fire seizes upon the fresh shovelful of coal.

Common Honesty and Common Sense

By Charles N. Crewdson

Tales of the Road

IS NOT the salesman on the road who sells goods to one customer at one price and to another at another price a thief? Is not the house that allows its salesmen to do this an accomplice in the crime of theft?

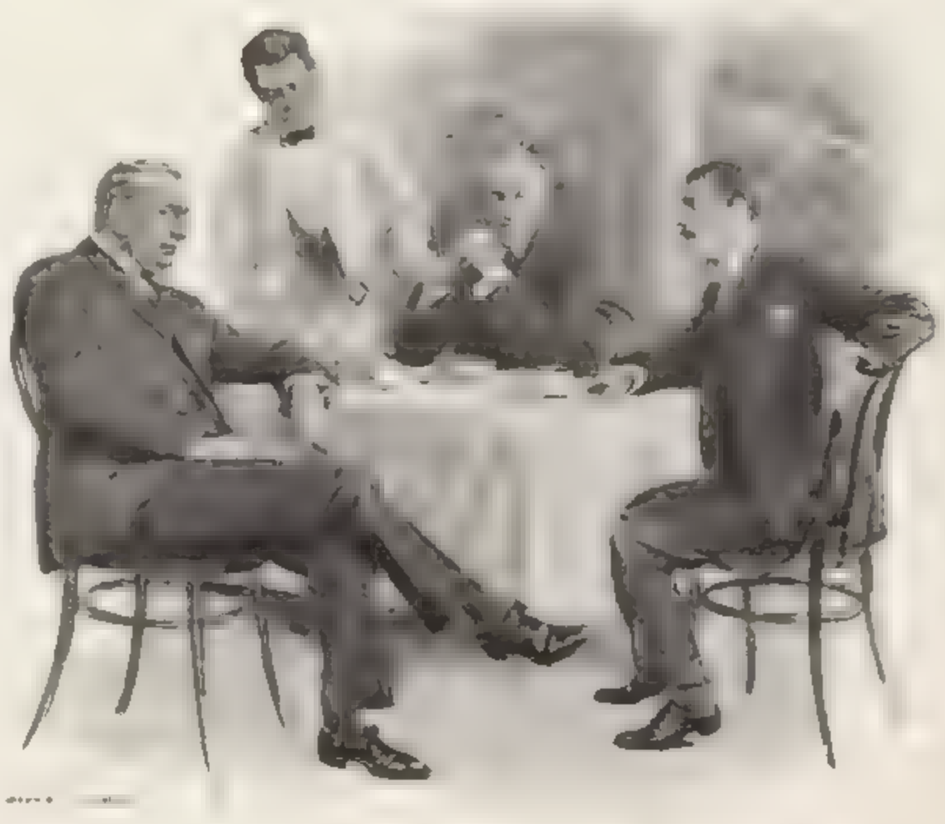
This is a hot shot, I know; but, if you are a salesman, ask yourself if it is right to get the marked price of an article from a friend who gives you his confidence, and then sell the same thing for a lower price to another man who is suspicious and beats you down. If you have men on the road ask yourself whether or not it is right for you to allow your salesmen to do these things, and then answer "Yes" or "No." Maybe you will all answer, "No, but we can't help ourselves."

You can. A friend of mine, who travels for a large house 'way down East, which employs one hundred road salesmen, told me recently of an experience directly in point. I will let him tell the story to you:

"It is the custom in our house, you know, for all of the boys to meet together twice each year when we come in after our samples. After we get our samples marked and packed, and are ready for the road, the 'old gentleman' in the house gives us all a banquet. He sits at the head of the table and is toastmaster.

"He is wise in bringing the boys together in this way, because he knows that the boys on the road know how things ought to be and that they can give him a great many pointers. He has a stenographer present who takes down every word that is said during the evening. The reports of these semi-annual meetings are the law books of his house.

"At our last meeting the 'old gentleman,' when he first arose to speak, said: 'Look here, boys'—he knew how to take us all—'there is one thing about our system of business that I do not like: it is this cutting of prices. Now, what I should like to do this very season—and I have thought of it since you have all packed up your trunks—is to have all samples marked in plain figures, and then to have no man deviate, in any way, from the prices. Of course, this is rather a bold thing to do, since we have done business in the old way of marking goods in characters for many years, so I wish to hear from you all and see what you think about it. I want as many of you as will to tell me in words just what you think on this subject, one by one; but first of all I want every man who favors marking samples in plain figures and not varying from the price to stand up. Those who think the other way may keep their seats.'"



"Mr. Blank, How Long Have You Been Doing the One-Price, Plain-Figure Business?"

A Hundred to One Against Him

"WELL, sir, I was the only man out of that whole hundred to stand up. The others sat there. After standing for a moment I sat down, and the 'old gentleman' arose again.

"'Well, the vote is so nearly unanimous,' said the 'old gentleman,' 'that is seems hardly necessary for us to discuss the matter. Yet it is possible that one man may be right and ninety-nine may be wrong, so let us hear from our one salesman who differs from his ninety-nine brethren.'

"With that I stood up, and I made a speech something like this: 'Mr. President and Fellow-Salesmen: I am very glad that our president has given me the right to speak. He has said that one man in a hundred may be right even though ninety-nine do not believe as he does. There is no "may be" about it. I do not think that I am right. I know it. I speak from experience.

"'When I first started on the road—I was just a stock-boy, you know, going out for the first time knowing not whether I should succeed or fail—one of my old friends in the house gave me this advice. Said he: "Billy, it is better for you to be abused for selling goods cheaply than to be fired for not selling them at all." With this advice before me from an old salesman in the house, and knowing that nearly all of the salesmen, in greater or less degree, slaughtered the price of goods, I went out on the road. The first thing I began to do was to cut, cut, cut. Letters came to me from the house to quit it, but I kept on cutting, cutting, cutting. I knew that the other boys in the house did it, and I did not see any reason why I should not. It was my habit to do this: If a man was hard to move in any way and was mean to me I came at him with prices. If he treated me gentlemanly and gave me his confidence I robbed him—that is, I got the full marked price, while the other fellow bought goods cheaper than this man. Once I got caught up with. Two of my customers met in market, and, as merchants usually do when they meet in market, they began to discuss the lines of goods which they carried. They found that they both carried my line, and my good friend learned that the other fellow bought certain lines cheaper than he did.

"'The next time I went around to his town I wore the same old good smile and everything of that kind, but I soon saw that he did not take to me as kindly as before. When I asked him to come over to my sample-room he said to me: "No, I will not go over. I shall not buy any more goods from you."

"'"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"'"Oh, never mind; I just don't care to handle your line," said he.

"'"Aren't the goods all right?" I asked.

"'"Yes, the goods are all right, but, since you have pressed the question, I wish to tell you that the reason why I don't care to buy any more goods from you is that you have sold goods to other people for less money than you have to me."

"'I could not deny it, and even when I offered to sell him goods at the same price that I had to other people he said to me: "No, sir; you can't sell me goods at any price. I don't care to deal with a man who does business that way."

"'That set me to thinking, and I thought about it so hard that I began to see that I was not doing right, and, furthermore, that I was not doing what would help me to build up a permanent business. I saw that I was trying to build business by making many merchants think that I was a cutthroat rather than a man in whom they could place confidence. So I believe in marking goods in plain figures and selling to every one for the same price. And, gentlemen, I even changed territories so I could go into a new one and build a business on the square. Whether or not I have prospered, you all know.'

"When I had ended the 'old gentleman' arose and said: 'Now, what our good friend has just said strikes me as right, and if I were a salesman I should follow out his ideas. But what do you other gentlemen think of this? I should like to hear from you.'

"One by one the boys got up, not all of them, but many. Boiled down, the reasons that they gave for not wishing to mark their goods in plain figures were, first, that oftimes one of their customer's patrons might wish to make a special order, and, if he saw the samples marked in plain figures, he would find out just how much profit was being made; second, that often they showed goods in a man's store and people who were standing around would see what the wholesale price was, and third, that most merchants like to feel that they are buying goods cheaper than any one else.

"After all of these arguments were made, the 'old gentleman' asked me to reply to them. I did so in these words:

"'Now, as to your first argument about special orders: the man on the road should not try or wish to sell one hat or one pair of shoes or one suit of clothes to some special customer who will take half an hour to make his selection. What he should do is to sell a merchant a good bill—and he can sell a whole bill of goods just about as quickly as he can sell one special item. If marking my goods in plain figures would do nothing more than keep away from my sample-room these special-order fiends who hound every merchant in the country, that alone would lead me to do it.'

"When I said this several of the boys clapped and I saw that things were coming my way.

"'Now, as to your second argument,' I continued, 'regarding showing goods in a merchant's store: if there is anything I detest it is to do this, because when you go to show a man your goods you should have his complete attention. This you cannot get when there are customers present or a lot of loafers around the store cutting into what you are doing. I would rather open up in the office of a burning livery-stable than have a whole day in a store. What you want to do, gentlemen,' said I, 'is this: Don't carry your samples to your customer's store, but take your customer to your store—your sample-room. There you get his complete attention, without which no one can make a successful sale.'

"Still more of the boys applauded me, and I continued:

"'Now, gentlemen, as to the last point: several of you have said that some merchants wish to think that they buy from you cheaper than other merchants in neighboring towns. They do not wish to think anything of the kind. What they do wish to think is that they are buying *as cheaply* as their neighbors do.' Again more of the boys applauded what I said, and one fellow who traveled down in Missouri yelled like a coon hunter.

"'The basis of love, gentlemen,' I persisted, 'is respect. Some of you have had the good sense to marry. To each of these I say: Before the girl who is now your wife found that she loved you, she discovered that you had her respect and admiration. And there is not a single one of you who has a customer that does not have at least a little confidence in you. Confidence is the basis of business.

"'Now, I want to tell you another thing'—I was getting warm then. 'It is impossible to tell a lie so that the man to whom you tell it will believe it is the truth. If a man has a lie in his heart, that lie will be felt and spotted by the men he talks to while the liar affirms with his lips that he speaks the truth. If a merchant asks you if you are selling him goods as cheaply as you sell them to other people, and you tell him "Yes" and you are really *not* doing so, he will know that you are telling him a lie, and you will lose his confidence and you will lose his business. The one thing to do, then, is to treat everybody alike—to sell them all at the same price.'"

Bait for the Wary Fish

"'NOW, it is possible for a man to mark his samples in characters and do a one-price business, but you can bet your life that the stranger will be leary of you if your goods are marked in characters. If, however, you mark your goods in plain figures and you say to a merchant, when you begin to show them to him, that your goods are marked in plain figures and that you do not vary from the price, he will believe you and will not try to beat you down. He will have more confidence in you, the plain-figure man, than he will in the character-price man from whom he might have been buying for years.

"'Judgment is scarcely a factor in business; even many good merchants are not judges of goods. They are all free to confess this. The best merchant is the best judge of men. Many a merchant passes up lines of goods that he thinks are better than those he is handling—passes them up because he does not *know* their superiority and because he does not trust the man who tries to sell them to him.

"'Merchants themselves—many of them—give baits to their customers. They know this game full well, and they do not care for baits themselves. I remember that I once sold a bill of goods in this way: I had sold this customer regularly for five or six years. This time he told me that he had bought. He said: "The other fellow gave me his price one morning, and then he came over to see me in the afternoon and dropped on the price, and I bought the goods then because I knew I had him at the bottom."

Editor's Note—This is the next to the last of Mr. Crewdson's articles dealing with the work of the traveling salesman.

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"'Now, do you suppose I went to making cuts to get even with that other fellow? Not a bit of it! I first showed my old customer that he did not know the values of goods. Then I told him: "Now, you may buy my goods if you like; but you will buy them no cheaper than I have been selling them to you for the last five or six years. Do you suppose that I would come around here to-day and make an open confession that I have been robbing you for all of these years? No, sir; I try to see that my goods are marked right in the beginning and then I treat everybody alike." Well, that man bought my goods and countermanded the order of the other fellow.

'And boys, you who have been so dishonest so long, said I 'don't know how happy it makes a fellow feel to know that what he is doing is right and you cannot beat the right. It is good enough. When you know in your own heart that you are honorable in your dealings with your merchant friends, you can walk right square up to them and look them straight in the eye and make them feel that you are treating them right. They will then give you their confidence, and confidence begets business. Therefore, gentlemen, I don't care what any of you are going to do. I, myself, shall mark my goods in plain figures and sell them at the same price to every one, and I only wish that I worked for a firm that would compel all their salesmen to be honest.'

"With this the old man arose, and I heard one of the boys who sat near me whisper: 'Now watch the old man give it to him.' But he did not. Instead, he said to me: 'This is surely a case where, although there were ninety-nine against him, the one is right! I hereby issue an order to every salesman to mark his goods in plain figures and to sell his goods at the marked price. I wish you, furthermore, to do another thing. On every sample on which I told you you might make a cut *if necessary*, I wish you would make that cut at the start. I have always wished to do business as our one-priced friend has suggested, but I have never been strong enough to do so. I had always thought myself honest, believing that business expediency made it necessary to give a few people the inside over others; but I am going to make a frank confession to you—I say that I have not been honest.

"'I feel like a certain clothing manufacturer felt for a long time. I was talking with him at luncheon the other day—he is a man who marks his goods in plain figures. If the salesman, by mistake, sold an eleven-dollar suit for ten dollars, the goods when shipped out are billed at ten dollars. He is the one, gentlemen, who put this plain-figure idea into my head. One of his salesmen, as we all sat together at the table, asked him: "Mr. Blank, how many years have you been doing the one-priced plain-figure business?"

"'"A little over four years," said he.

"'"And how old are you?" the salesman asked.

"'"Fifty-five," was the answer.

"'"In other words," said he, "you have been a thief for a great many years."

"Yes, you're right," said the clothing manufacturer. And this was the only time I ever heard him agree with anybody in my life!

"'His business philosophy was quaintly summed up in the one word, "Perverse." "Give a man what he wants," he said, "and he doesn't want it. When you find other people going in one direction, go in the other, and you will go in the right one." He saw wards every one else in the clothing business marking their goods in characters, and true to his philosophy—"Perverse"—marked his goods in plain figures, and he is succeeding. Now, gentlemen, I am going to do the same thing.

"'And, another thing—I am not going to mark just part of the goods in plain figures. I called on a wholesale dry-goods man the other day, the president of the concern. He told me that he marked a part of their manufactured goods in plain figures and the rest in characters. I said to him: "You confess that you are only partly honest; in being only half honest you are dishonest." So, gentlemen, I am going to mark our goods in plain figures, and I want you to sell them to everybody at the same price; if you do not, I will not ship them.

"'Now, I thought I was through, but one more idea has occurred to me. By selling our goods at strictly one price I can figure exactly how much money I am making on a given volume of business. Before, this matter of "cuts" made it a varying, uncertain amount; in future there will be certainty as to the amount of profits. And another thing: so sure as I live, if all of you go out and make the same increase that the one who stood out against all of us has made, our business will thrive so that we can afford to sell goods cheaper still. Until to-night I never knew why it was that he took hold of what seemed to me a big business in his predecessor's territory and doubled it the second year. His success was the triumph of common honesty, and we all shall try his plan—for honesty is right, and nothing beats the right.'

"When the vote was taken the second time, every man at the table stood up."

How Miss Wilcox Was Fired

(Continued from Page 6)

Ed to have discharged her simply because he was jealous of his brother. To me jealousy is the pettiest of—but I have expressed my thoughts on that subject once before.

"There will be something like business in this office now, Ottaway," said Ed, resembling a man who has just been operated on for appendicitis and who hasn't quite decided whether or not the pain from the appendix compensates for the distinction of having one.

"Do you think that you can dispense permanently with the services of a blonde, [illegible]" I asked in return. "You seem partial to blondes, and I don't see why Miss Wilcox shouldn't satisfy that weakness as well as anybody else."

Ed was preparing a rebuttal to my rejoinder when Miss Wilcox came sailing back into the office under full steam, the tip of her nose spelling victory so plainly that I could even descry the cross over the "t" and the dot over the "i."

"I didn't have to go far in quest of a job," she proclaimed haughtily to one of the girls as she collected her belongings—I believe a looking-glass was the most conspicuous among these. "I'm going to work for Mr. George Furber in the stock department—at a higher salary, too!"

Toward the middle of April old Montgomery returned from his sojourn in California, and then Miss Wilcox's affairs rounded out to a climax and here was a row that almost split Montgomery & Furber into two parts, leaving all the Furbers on one side of the chasm, all the Montgomerys on the other, and their combined grocery business in the hole. I didn't know at that time and might never have learned it if Ed hadn't taken me into his confidence and divulged the news that George Furber was engaged secretly to Ella Montgomery, old Montgomery's only daughter. Ella—to take Ed's word for it—had inherited enough of her father's temper to carry her through life comfortably, to say nothing of what her departed mother had left her, and when it came to her ears that her intended was paying court to a stately blonde stenographer in her father's employ, she did something else besides sit down in sackcloth and ashes and weep her eyes out. She threatened to break the engagement with such a snap that George would tumble backward from the jolt, unless her father would protect her dignity and send Miss Wilcox farther forward than she promised to send George in the opposite direction.

Old Montgomery was just the kind of a man to stand back of his daughter, even if he had to shove the whole world to one side in order to get himself into position. He visited the office early on the morning of his return from Del Monte, looking as if his visit to California had heated his blood to the boiling point and he hadn't let it simmer down yet to meet the requirements of our more temperate clime. He mumbled something about wanting to see his partner at once, and he retreated into his private sanctum to wait.

When Mr. Furber put in his appearance the partners shook hands and chatted pleasantly for a moment or two, then the door slammed and the voices of those two old men sounded as if Niagara had been turned loose in the room and they were testing the power of their lungs by the roar of its waters. From all I could hear of it, and as an

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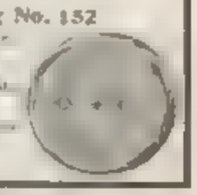

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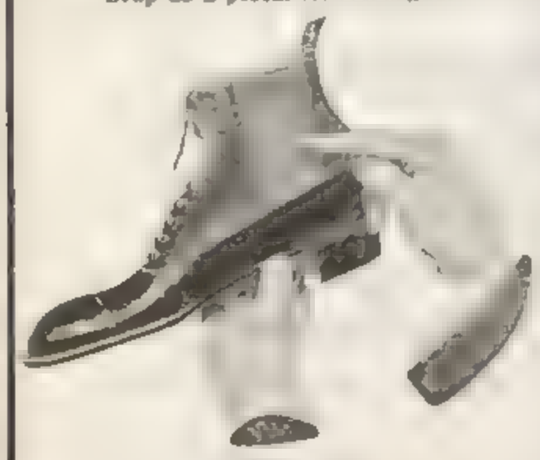

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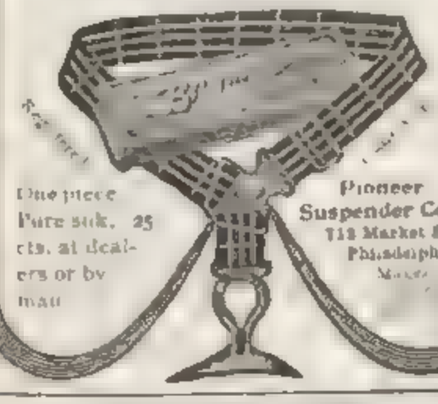

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impartial judge, I should unhesitatingly have awarded the prize to Mr. Montgomery.

There came a lull in the storm directly—it was too fierce to last long—and old man Furber, his face as white as his beard, came out to ask Ed to summon George and to return with him.

Old Montgomery opened this bi-family conference with an ominous thud of his cane on the floor, and then, eschewing further preliminaries, he delivered his opinion of George Furber, Esq., and Miss Celestine Wilcox at length. I guessed as much, at any rate, from certain unpleasant epithets—of which he had a choice and inexhaustible selection—that floated over the partition like the detached but highest notes of a symphony. Then came the echo of George's voice, suave, smooth and explanatory, and right in the midst of it, like the explosion of a cannon-cracker in a felt-lined box, old man Montgomery's roar:

"We've talked enough! Fire her! Fire her! Either that blonde hussy quits, or the Montgomerys do!" And then, after a short silence: "Well, *I'll* fire her—so quick and high that she'll lose all sense of direction while she's going up!"

The door opened and old Montgomery rushed out, his face set as grim and hard as if he were going to announce the failure of the firm to its creditors instead of merely being about to fire a stenographer.

Exactly fifteen minutes elapsed before he reentered his private office—perhaps without Miss Wilcox's permission, for he walked as softly and looked as shy-pish as if he were breaking the commandment of one higher up in authority than himself. After another lengthy and more subdued consultation behind closed doors, old man Montgomery sidled up to my desk, gave me a cigar—the brand you buy to give to somebody who generally gives it to somebody else—and cleared the track for the subject he was anxious to move off his mind.

"Mr. Ottaway," said he, "Miss Wilcox is a remarkable woman—a very remarkable woman. I like to read about remarkable women in French memoirs, but I don't like them around me in business. We're in business to make money and not to make history, and I don't approve of the way history has been made in this office since I left for California. If I had stayed away longer that woman might have done to my grocery business what some of those remarkable French ladies with the unpronounceable names did to the treasury of France—busted it. Now, what I wanted to get at, Mr. Ottaway, is that I was just on the point of telling the young lady she was altogether too remarkable to draw stenographer's wages when I reflected that it would hardly be paying you the proper respect as manager of this office if——"

"But I am under Ed Furber now," I interposed.

"You were while I was gone," he contradicted, "but you are no longer. Ed's a real nice boy, but it strikes me he's better fitted to pick up the handkerchiefs and carry the fans of those celebrated French ladies to whom I referred than to hold down the first chair in a big office. So Ed will dance to your music after this—keep playing lively airs, it will do him good—and you will prove your recovered authority by firing Miss Wilcox!"

So that was it! I had been made lord high executioner for the sole purpose of severing Miss Wilcox's head from her neck—an undertaking that several had given up after experimenting with a variety of axes and finding none of them able to leave any abiding impression on her clavicular vertebræ.

"Very well, Mr. Montgomery," I assented, arising. "I'll fire her without any further mediation."

I threw my shoulders as far back as they would go, lifted my head up and stalked back to the stock department in search of my victim, feeling as nervous as if this were the first woman I had fired instead of the—well, I don't care to brag about it just at this place. She saw me approach, and instead of avoiding me—of looking in the other direction with a forlorn, contrite and humiliated air—she tossed her nose as high as it would go.

"Miss Wilcox," I faltered, "I am truly sorry about this. I——" And there I was forced in the beginning to assume the apologetic attitude. Where would I end?

"Yes, I know how sorry you are," she cut me short (fortunately, perhaps, for me) as if to let me know I couldn't fool her. "You tried to get rid of me with a lie the first time I put foot inside of your office, and you have been maneuvering and intriguing ever since to get me discharged—me, a poor working girl!" She laughed ironically. "I should have left long ago if I hadn't wanted to stay on just for the sake of——"

"Spiting me; which was very self-sacrificing of you," I couldn't help indulging my little gift of sarcasm at the moment.

"It was in a sense," she resumed seriously. "I had better offers elsewhere right along. I didn't need Montgomery & Furber for the privilege of toiling for my daily bread. I've been wanting to quit for a long time; I can't work in a place where I have no respect for my employers, and I can't respect a firm that requires every one of its members separately, then all of them together, and the aid of outside help besides, to discharge one superfluous, insignificant stenographer."

"How much you must have respected me to have overcome your disrespect for them!"

"It wasn't respect; it was——" she paused, a grim, inquiring look in her big blue, innocent eyes.

"Hatred," I subjoined.

"Hardly. Don't flatter yourself, sir."

"How can I help it, when, according to your own confession, you stayed on three months at a pecuniary loss only to——"

"Money isn't everything in this world," she made haste to say; "and there were other compensations. It used to amuse me immensely to watch the expression on your face when you thought you had me cornered and I refused to surrender!"

"If I had the authority, if I were first in command here," I put in, "I might re-hire you so that you could go on indulging yourself in that pleasure!"

"There!" she exclaimed, a half-affrighted look on her face.

"Why that 'there'?" I asked.

"I hoped you wouldn't say anything like that. I always find myself despising men whom I can——" she supplied the missing words by twisting her ring around her finger. "I have always admired you—before now, that is"—she dropped her eyelids archly—"as the one man whom I couldn't."

"It's an odd situation, indeed," said I; "it's ahead of anything in my long business experience—if I fire you I keep your respect and admiration; if I keep you I forfeit your respect and admiration. Miss Wilcox, I regret very much to say that the firm of Montgomery & Furber has decided to dispense with your valuable services."

"Please accept my resignation, to take effect at once," she laughed. "No, I retract that; I voluntarily add another laurel to your wreath—you fired me, with my assistance, after several successive attempts had been made."

"A victory that I should hardly account worth the while if the friendship of the vanquished didn't——"

"Oh, magnanimous Cæsar!" she courtesied.

I hardly had expected, on starting out, that firing her would prove such an intellectual treat, and after disposing of that purely business detail I lagged behind to chat about one thing and another—Ed, and George, and Mr. Furber, and Mr. Montgomery were the targets of her wit and the objects of my protecting shield, or it may have been reversed. I am not quite clear about that; but, at any rate, I tarried so long that the people awaiting my return must have trembled for the result of my errand and have thought it took me longer to fire her than it would them to make a clean sweep of our working forces from cellar to roof. I pause only to add that the upshot of our highly entertaining conversation was that she accepted my invitation to attend an open-air concert, which was very kind indeed, considering the fact that I fired her first and invited her afterward; and since I paused to add that item I may as well linger another second to complete the sum total—it amounted to an indefinite number of concerts, and I know not what other amusements besides; but the net result of it all was the engagement ring I gave her in order that she might satisfy her genius for twisting on it instead of on me.

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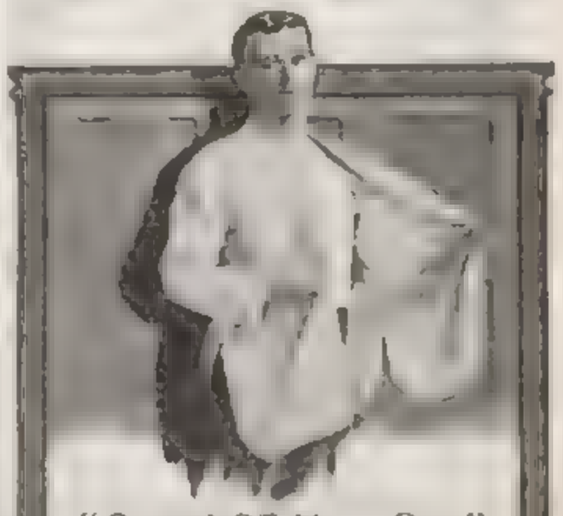

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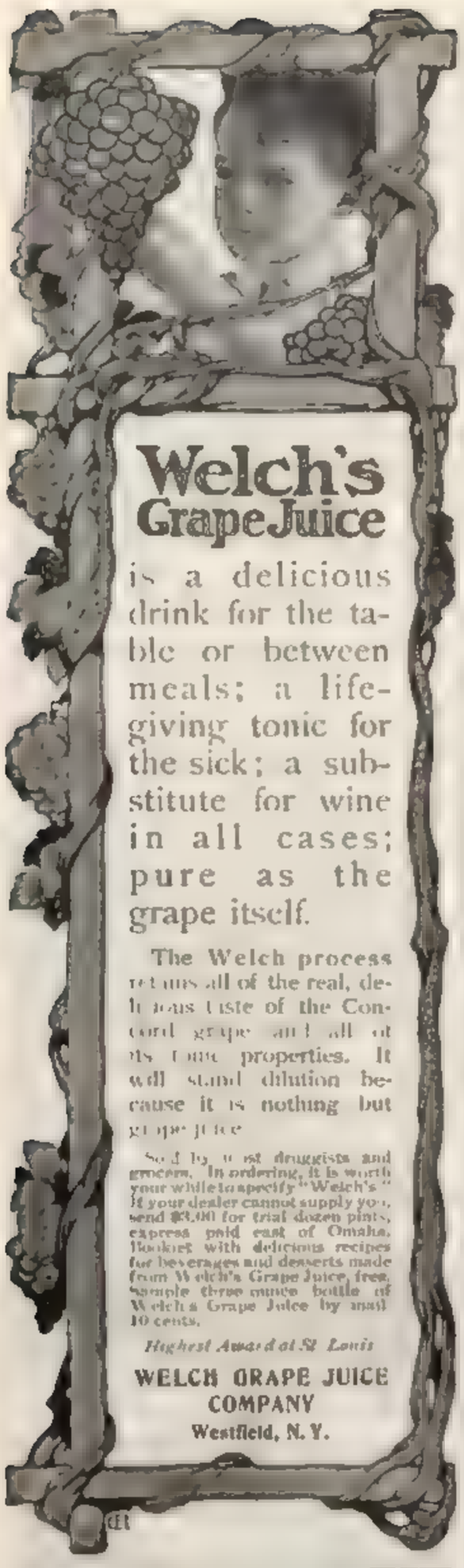

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The Age of Glass

By René Bache

THE dream of a coming Age of Glass, respecting which a distinguished Frenchman, Dr. Jules Henrivaux, had somewhat to say, in a vein of confident prediction, a while ago, seems likely before long to be crystallized into an interesting and satisfactory reality. For already the glass house, for domiciliary uses, is, as one might say, on the very point of construction, and it is certainly within the bounds of reasonable possibility that the city of the not-distant future, contemptuous of the inferior architectural methods and expedients of the present day, may be built to a large extent of this most durable, most cleanly and most thoroughly fireproof of materials

If some moderately well-to-do citizen should take it into his head one of these fine days to build for his own occupancy a dwelling of glass, he might do so at reasonable expense, to the great advantage of his own comfort, and without attracting more than a passing attention. The principal structural material he could obtain in the shape of glass bricks, already a recognized commercial article, which, though not very costly, have several points of notable superiority over ordinary clay bricks. They are much stronger, and, being hollow, they are light. Besides, they are non-conductors of both sound and heat, and, while shutting out to a remarkable extent the noises of the street, they have the additional advantage of keeping out the cold in winter

These blown-glass bricks, of course, are opaque, and, such being the case, though it has been said that dwellers in glass houses should dress in the dark, no such restriction need apply to the occupant of an up-to-date residence. The bricks are hermetically sealed while red-hot, and so cannot ever be otherwise than perfectly clean on the inside; and, in order that the walls composed of them may be as handsome as possible, forming clear and uninterrupted vitreous sheets, the cement used, in place of mortar, for laying them is composed chiefly of a fine white glass sand, so as to be colorless.

The first glass bricks manufactured, a few years ago, were made solid, and they were an obvious failure. It was by making them hollow that the problem was finally solved, and one of the first uses to which they were applied was the construction of greenhouses, an important advantage possessed by them for this purpose consisting in their power to retain heat. Inasmuch as they can be blown in any color desired, a dwelling built of them may be as ornamental in respect to hues as the most exacting taste can command, all the tints of the rainbow being at the service of the architect.

Now, this moderately well-to-do citizen of whom we have spoken utilizes for the piers and cellar walls of his house a material called "stone-glass," which has three times the resistance of granite to crushing strains. Most people, of course, imagine that glass is necessarily a brittle substance, but the fact is that, in solid lumps, it is to all intents and purposes a kind of stone, and much less easily broken than most of the hardest rocks. In any shape, glass is never anything less or more than an artificial stone, and our notion of its fragility is derived wholly from the circumstance that it usually appears, on our tables, in our windows or elsewhere, in thin and frangible sheets.

So far as the plumbing and other "inside works" of the mansion are concerned, this enterprising and original-minded builder chooses to neglect all precedents, and to utilize glass almost exclusively as a material. All of the pipes in his house are of glass—not only the water-pipes, but also those for gas, the flues for heating, and the conduits for electric wires. As a matter of course, the drain-pipes are of glass, insuring cleanliness. This recommendation of cleanliness, indeed, is perhaps the most important that can be made in behalf of the substance here discussed. It is reluctant to retain any kind of dirt, and, when washed with hot water, its surface is practically sterilized.

The glass house can be washed from top to bottom with a hose, inside as well as outside. Not only the walls, but the floors, and even the stairs, are of glass. The window-shutters are of the same material, and most of the furniture, including the tables and especially the beds, are of glass

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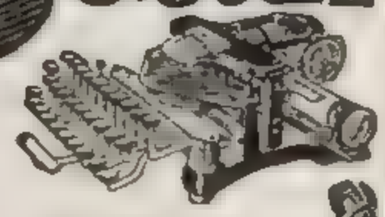

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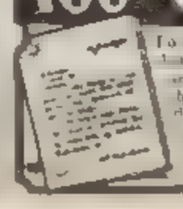

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likewise. All of the crockery is glassware; the spoons are of glass and the forks have glass handles; and, when it comes to the kitchen utensils, a glance is enough to convince the visitor that nothing can be more appropriate than glass for kettles, pots and saucepans.

The roof of this wonderful house is covered with red glass tiles, which are strikingly handsome, and the window-panes are of a porous kind of glass (newly patented) which admits air for ventilation while excluding drafts. This description does not apply, however, to the windows on the ground floor, which are of "platinized" glass, each pane having the appearance of a mirror when viewed from the street, but possessing a perfect translucence to the eye of a person within the dwelling. This curious effect, thanks to which the people inside are able to see what is going on outside, while passers-by cannot possibly look in, is produced by coating ordinary glass with a thin solution of platinum and then heating it.

In front of the house is a glass pavement, which, for the matter of that, is no great novelty. Pavements of glass are being put down on quite an extensive scale in Paris, and the material, when used in place of asphalt or Belgian blocks for roadways, has been found most satisfactory, neither making nor holding dirt. Chimneys more than one hundred feet high have been built of hollow glass bricks, which serve admirably for the purpose. Indeed, there seems to be scarcely any structural employment for which glass is not particularly well adapted. Put through certain toughening processes, it is rendered practically indestructible. Even the front steps of the remarkable dwelling here described are of glass, and in the decoration of the interior the substance is most ingeniously utilized, being moulded in beautiful patterns for ceilings and wall-panels, inlaid on the floors in a variety of harmonious colors, and even made to imitate the effects of silver and gold

The proprietor of the mansion is able further to gratify his fancy by dressing his wife and daughters in glass clothes. Exquisite fabrics are now woven of glass resembling in appearance silks and satins, the material being readily spun in fine threads of many colors. These stuffs are pliable, and may be folded or even crumpled without injury. Furthermore, when soiled they can be cleaned by brushing them with soap and water. The gowns worn by the ladies who live in the glass house are grease-proof and incombustible; and it is a fact worth noting that the ball-dress of the eldest girl, who is "out in society," is of iridescent glass. Attired in it, she looks like an animated rainbow as she whirls over the dancing floor.

Lest these suggestions appear altogether too imaginative, it may be explained that every item thus far mentioned, without exception, represents something already accomplished. Woven glass fabrics have been known for some time, and it is said that an enterprising Venetian has recently gone into the business of manufacturing glass bonnets in large quantities. One might go so far as to cite the famous slippers of Cinderella, were it not that they were really of fur (*vair*), and not of glass (*verre*), as shown by reference to the original of the story, the fact that the two words are pronounced alike being accountable for the mistake.

New household uses for glass are constantly being found. Glass bathtubs seem likely to replace porcelain, and the most fashionable and expensive lining for bathrooms nowadays is not porcelain tiles, but the so-called Carrara glass—non-transparent, milky in color, and dirt-proof. It was only a few years ago that an ingenious inventor thought of the glass lemon-squeezer, and sold the patent for $50,000. Possibly before long we shall come to appreciate the advantages of the glass mousetrap, the originator of which claims for it the merit that "a mouse inside, especially if nibbling a choice morsel, is likely, when seen by other mice, to be joined by them."

Mr. Glass, who owns the remarkable house, has no insurance on the property. There is no necessity, for it will not burn. In a great conflagration buildings of granite or marble crumble, but to destroy this structure the fire would have to melt it.

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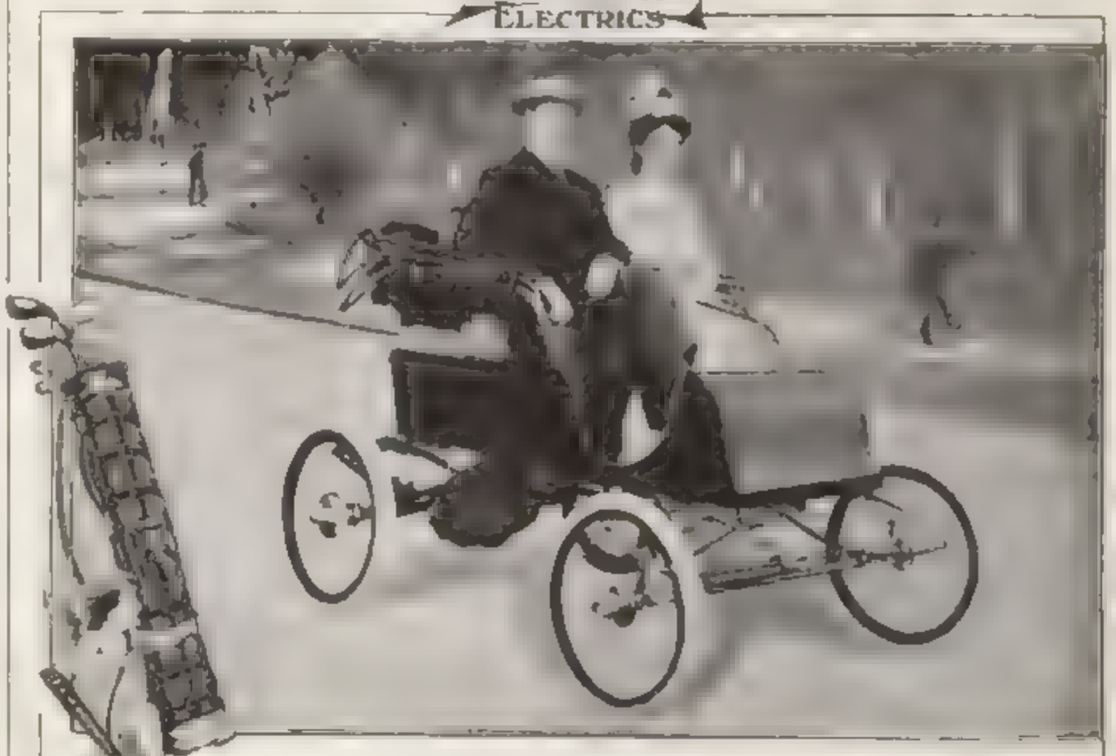

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The Wood Fire in Number Three

(Continued from Page 11)

arrived in the evening, hungry and late for dinner; left his trunk at the station, jumped into a fiacre and drove to a café that he knew on the Ring Strasse. After dining, he made up his mind to go back to the station, pick up his baggage and find rooms at the Metropole. When he entered the café and took a seat near the door, a woman at the next table turned her head and fastened her eyes upon him in a way that attracted his attention. He saw that she was of rather distinguished presence tall and well formed; broad shoulders square for a woman and with a strong nose and chin. She was dressed all in black, her veil almost hiding her face. Not a handsome woman and not young—certainly not under thirty.

"With the serving of the soup he forgot her, and went on with his dinner. That over, he paid the waiter, strolled out to the street and called a cab. When it drove up the veiled woman stood beside him.

"'I think this cab is mine, sir,' she said in excellent English

"The engineer raised his hat, offered his hand to the woman and assisted her into her seat. When he withdrew his fingers they held a small card edged with black The woman and the cab disappeared. He turned the card to the light of the street lamp; on it was written in pencil: 'You are in danger. Meet me at Café Ivanoff at ten to-night'

"After engaging a suite at the Metropole, consisting of a small salon, bedroom and dressing-room, he strolled down the Ring Strasse and stopped at the Opera House. Then he began to look about him. Young, clear-headed and imaginative, this sort of an adventure was just what he wanted Soon his eyes fell upon a café ablaze with light. On a ground-glass globe over the door was the word 'Ivanoff'

"He passed through the front room and turned into another.

"She sat in the far corner of the room, her face hidden in a file of newspapers.

"'Sit here, sir,' she said in her perfect English, drawing her dress aside so he could pass to the chair next the wall. 'I am glad you came; I am glad you trusted me enough to come.' Her manner was as composed and her voice as low and gentle and as free from nervousness as if she had known him all her life. 'And now before I tell you what I have to say to you, please tell me something about yourself. You are an American and have just arrived in Vienna?'

"The engineer nodded.

"'You have a mother, perhaps, at home, and some brothers?' she continued.

"Again the engineer nodded

"'How many brothers have you?'

"'One, Madame.'

"'That is another bond of sympathy between us. I have one brother left.'

"'Is he in danger like me, Madame?' asked the engineer with a smile

"'Yes: we all are; we have in danger I have been brought up in it.'

"'But why should I be?' and he handed her the card with the black edge.

"'You are not,' she said, crumpling it in her hand and slipping it into her dress. 'That was only a very cheap ruse of mine. I saw you at the next table and knew your nationality at once. You can help me, if you will, and you are the only one who can. You seemed to be sent to me. I thought it all out and determined what to do. You see how calm I am, and yet my hands have been icy cold waiting for you. I dared not hope you would really come until I saw you enter and speak to Polski. But you cannot stay here; you may be seen, and I do not want you to be seen—not now. We Poles are watched night and day; some one may come in and you might have to tell who you are, and that must not be.' Then she added cautiously, her eyes fastened on his: 'Your passport—you have one, have you not?'

"'Yes, for all over Europe.'

"'Oh, yes! Of course.' This came with a sigh of relief, as if she had feared another answer. 'That is the right way to travel while this revolution goes on. Yes, yes—a passport is quite necessary! Now give me your address. Metropole? Which room? Number thirty-nine? Very well: I'll be there at eight o'clock to-morrow night. Never mind the coffee—I'll pay for it when I pay for mine. Go now out the

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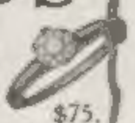

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other door—not the one you came in. There is somebody coming—quick!'

"The tone of her voice and the look in her eye lifted him out of his seat and started him toward the door without another word. She was evidently accustomed to obedience.

"The next night at eight precisely there came a rap at his door, and a woman wrapped in a coarse shawl, and with a basket covered with a cloth on her arm, stood outside.

"'I have brought Monsieur's wash,' she said. 'Shall I lay it in the bedroom or here in the salon?' And she stepped inside.

"The door shut, the woman laid the empty basket on the floor and threw back her shawl.

"'Don't be worried,' she said, turning the key in the lock, 'and don't ask any questions. I will go as I came. Some one might have stopped me. I got this basket and shawl from my own laundress. There will be no one here? You are sure? Then let me sit beside you and tell you what I could not last night'—and she led him to the sofa.

"'Our people go to that café,' she continued, 'because, strange to say, the police do not think some of us would dare go there. That makes it the safest—besides, every one of the servants is our friend.'

"Then she unfolded a yarn that made his hair stand on end! She had been banished from a little town in Central Poland where she had taken part in the revolution. Two brothers had died in exile, the other was in hiding in Vienna. It was absolutely necessary that this remaining brother should get back to Warsaw. Not only her own life depended on it, but the lives of many of their compatriots. Some papers which had been hidden were in danger of being discovered; these must be found and destroyed. Her brother was now on his way to the hotel, to the room in which they then sat; he would join them in an hour. At nine o'clock he would knock at the door and must be received. His name was Smaltzi—her own name before she was married. Would the American lend his clothes and his passport to this brother? She could not ask this of any one but an American; when she saw him and looked into his face she knew God had sent him to her. Only Americans sympathized with her poor country. The passport would be handed back to him in three days by the same man—Polski—who conducted him to her table at the Café Ivanoff; so would the clothes.

"Well, you can imagine what happened. Like many other young fellows, carried off his feet by the picturesqueness of the whole affair, the appeal to his patriotism, to his love of justice, to all the things that count when you are twenty-five and have the world in a sling—he consented. It was agreed that she was to wait in the dressing-room, which also opened on the corridor, show herself to the brother, and get him safely inside the dressing-room. The engineer was not to see him come. If anything went wrong, it was best that he could not identify him. She would then help him dress—he was about the same build as the engineer and could easily wear his clothes.

"At nine o'clock she put her head out of the dressing-room door, laid her fingers on her lips, pushed the engineer into the salon and locked the door. The brother evidently was approaching. Next he heard the dressing-room door click. Then the sound of a man rapidly changing his clothes could be heard. Then a soft click of the latch, and a heavy step.

"Here his curiosity overcame him and he cautiously opened the salon door and peered down the corridor. A man carrying his bag, cane and umbrella, an overcoat on his arm, was walking rapidly toward the staircase. He drew in his head and waited. Five minutes passed; then ten. He tried the dressing-room door. It was still locked. Stepping out into the corridor, he turned the knob and walked into the dressing-room. It was empty. On the floor were a pair of corsets, some petticoats and a dress!"

"Did he get his passport back?" asked Sterling.

"Yes; three months afterward by mail to his bankers, from the Hotel Metropole. She or somebody else had been half over Europe with it; twice to St. Petersburg and once to Warsaw. The clothes and bag he never heard of. The waiter at the Café Ivanoff—the one she called Polski—had disappeared, and he dared not make any inquiries."

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Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

(*Continued from Page 5*)

is full?" And Alphonse had positively answered, "Yes sir, it is full!"

"But he's sorry," said Miss Schell.

"Of course he's sorry!" roared Mr. Sutphen.

"But listen, Mr. Sutphen; he has promised to stay with us to-night, and it would feel such a protection ——"

"Protection!" began Sutphen. "A man who would leave his gasoline tank empty ——!"

"Please," interjected Easy. "You need not have anything to do with him, you know. A little while ago you said you were so grateful ——"

"I am grateful," said Mr. Sutphen in a dark and threatening manner.

"You surely wouldn't go so far as to dictate who's to ride—or not ride—in our own car?" Easy's eyes were beginning to flash.

"Yes, that's all right!" Mr. Sutphen brushed the remark from him as though it were a fly. "But a man who would leave his ——"

"Please untie the rope," said Easy, whose cheeks were turning pink with indignation. "If you will not let us run our own car in our own way—we'll simply have to call off the tow!"

Mr. Sutphen reeled under the blow.

"Please forgive me. Yes, yes, you are quite right. Take him, by all means, if you want him!"

It was now Alphonse's turn to be hurt.

"No, leave me here," he said with an irritating abnegation. "No matter that night approaches and I know not the way. Rather than be an infliction, and ze cause of disagreement, I willingly resign myself to remain." He sat down on a milestone and folded his arms.

Miss Schell rested a despairing hand on the mud-guard of Baby Bullet. Easy gazed reproachfully at Mr. Sutphen. Sutphen rammed his hands in his pockets and murmured under his breath that a man who would forget to fill ——! Alphonse moodily lit a cigarette and waited for the situation to resolve itself. Over all floated a rich perfume of gasoline gas.

Here let the novelist draw a veil.

. . . . . .

Mr. Sutphen returned from his little talk leading Alphonse by the arm. They had patched up an armed neutrality. Explanations had been made and accepted. The tank episode, though far from forgotten, was to be ignored. They had come together on the common ground that these innocent ladies must not be allowed to suffer. A few bites of humble-pie had accomplished wonders. No one is easier to lead than a Frenchman, nor harder to drive, and magnanimity is a national trait. Alphonse skipped up on the front seat of Baby Bullet, smilingly took his valise on his lap, and directed Mesdemoiselles' attention to the superb sunset. Mesdemoiselles, cozily lapped in one of Sutphen's fur-lined rugs, watched the latter settling accounts with the carter and the barelegged boy. He came back to give them a last tuck-in, exchanged a friendly glance with Easy, and then, climbing into his car, threw in the low-gear clutch. The rope tightened; Baby Bullet jerked into line; Sutphen meshed his intermediate speed—and they were off!

Toot! Toot!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Reciprocity

By Carolyn Wells

I like the times when Grandma comes:
She brings me toys and sugar-plums;
And there's another reason, too,
Whatever naughty things I do,
Why, even if I slam the door,
Or spill my porridge on the floor,
My Grandma says, so sweet and kind:
"He is so young! We mustn't mind;
For 'Children will be children'!"

Of course, my Grandma has *some* faults—
She sniffs those foolish smelling-salts;
She makes me come in from my play
To speak my piece six times a day!
And then I always have to keep
So *awful* still when she's asleep.
But she is old, and so, you see,
I don't let such things bother me,
For Grandmas will be Grandmas!

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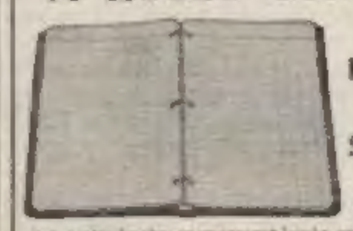

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One foot for carpet tacks; one foot for matting tacks. Simply change the feet to pull either. A slight pressure on the handles lifts the tacks straight up out of the floor without destroying them. Saves the matting and carpet. Made of the finest grade of steel, there's nothing to break or get out of order. Any one can see at a glance what a household convenience it is. For sale everywhere. Price 25c.

GENERAL SPECIALTY CO.
501 Harrison Building,
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Agents Wanted

NATURO

After 1,000 Years of mistakes are you still using the old, high, flat closet, 17 inches high front and rear?

The NATURO is 14 in. high in the front and 11½ in the rear.

Book E, mailed free, gives further details. Surely you'll write for this important book.

The NATURO is a Syphon Jet, also, the highest perfection in sanitary earthenware. But send for Book E.

THE NATURO CO., Salem, N. J., U. S. A.

Restu

Anatomical Shoemaker's Invention

Relieves all foot-ills. Flat-foot, rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes and bunions disappear. Curves instep gracefully; worn comfortably in any shoe by Men, Women and Children.

Write for Interesting Booklet.

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

How JAY JOHNS "Cornered"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

JAY JOHNS lives in a town in Western Pennsylvania. From the neighboring city of Pittsburg he has apparently absorbed some of the spirit of its gigantic business combinations. Some time ago he started to sell *The Saturday Evening Post*, ordering ten copies. During his first day's work he encountered five other boys selling the magazine, and only five regular customers were secured. Still he ordered fifteen copies for the next week, "just to show some things to these other boys." He sold all of them and ordered thirty copies for the next week. By that time three of the other boys had become discouraged and stopped work, and again Jay "jumped" the order.

Three weeks later Jay received a check for $25.00—a special prize offered to the boy living in towns of a certain size who sold the greatest number of copies during the month. Then the fun began. He sent back the check and wrote this letter:

> "I want to be the only toad in this puddle. I don't want you to sell to every 'Tom, Dick and Harry.' I can sell more copies than all of them put together, anyway. Three of these boys have quit, and to-day I bought out the other two boys by giving them fifty cents apiece. These little fellows only spoil the business. I am now the only boy here who sells *The Post*. If you will agree not to appoint anybody else so long as I sell a lot of copies, you can credit this $25.00 to my account and send me 100 copies for next week and 125 copies each week thereafter."

The publishers did as he desired, and at the end of three months he was selling nearly 200 copies a week. Then he looked up the other boys who had stopped work and engaged them to work for him in getting new customers. They went to work under Jay's direction and the "corner" was complete.

ANY BOY willing to devote a few hours to work on Fridays and Saturdays can earn money through *The Saturday Evening Post* plan. Several thousand are doing so each week. We will furnish the first week's supply of ten copies, without charge, to any boy who will try it. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

$250.00 in Cash Prizes

to Boys who do Good Work THIS MONTH. A part of this sum reserved for those who start THIS WEEK.

If you will try it send a line, and the first week's supply and full instructions will be sent.

Boy Department—**The Curtis Publishing Company**—125 Arch Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brushes

Indispensable for Travelers

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is sterilized and reaches you without handling—carefully packed in

The Yellow Box which Protects and Guarantees

The bristles are shaped to penetrate every crevice—long tuft reaching around the back teeth—curved handle making it easy to reach inner and outer surfaces.

It is as ideal for traveling as for the home. It is the "hurry-up" tooth brush—does its work quickly and thoroughly.

When not in use it can be hung up—that's what the hole in the handle is for (there's a hook in every box)—in this way the brush dries properly, is kept clean and sweet, and is out of the way.

Two styles—**rigid** handle Pro-phy-lac-tic and "P. S." (Pro-phy-lac-tic Special) with **flexible** handle. Three sizes—Adult's 35c.; Youth's 25c.; Child's 25c.; and three kinds of bristles—soft, medium and hard. Any good dealer will give you your exact selection—do not accept a substitute no matter what the dealer says. Demand the **yellow** box.

Florence Manufacturing Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

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